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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1840. NO. 1019.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 15.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

A LECTURE,

ON THE BEQUEST OF JAMES SMITHSON TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FOR THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE AMONG MEN. BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Delivered at the Masonic Temple, Boston, before the Mechanic Apprentices Library Association, 14th Nov. 1839.

[*Concluded.*]

At the entrance of this discourse I expressed the hope that this subject might be considered, free from all intermixture of party politics; and in the observations I am about to submit to you, upon this extraordinary predisposal of the Smithsonian fund, I intend no reflection upon it as a party measure, or as bearing upon any members of any party. Whatever of error or of wrong there was in the measure, must be shared alike by both; a case by no means uncommon in my experience of Legislation whether of the nation or of the State; and a case which however indicative of human frailty, would not be without its consolation, if it could teach *all* parties the wisdom and justice of mutual toleration. To the section which I have just read no opposition was made to my knowledge, by any member of the House except myself. It was passed without debate in the hurry and confusion of a concluding Session when nothing can be discussed, and when the most conscientious members are compelled to give many a vote upon trust without examination, when the wariest circumspection may be taken by surprise, and the most untiring vigilance circumvented.

On the 1st of September 1838 the sum of one hundred and four thousand nine hundred and sixty pounds, eight shillings and sixpence sterling, all, except the change, in gold, was conformably to instructions from the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury deposited by Mr Rush as the proceeds received by him of the Smithsonian bequest, at the Mint of the United States at Philadelphia, and at this final discharge of the trust committed to him, I hope it will be deemed no unworthy tribute of commendation from me, to bear my feeble testimony to the industry, the prudence, and the fidelity with which his commission had been executed. Of these qualities, as eminently possessed by him, I had before had long and multiplied proof in the execution of public trusts, more comprehensive but not more important, personally committed to him by myself, and whoever knows what a chancery suit in England is, and will follow the course of his proceedings in the performance of his agency, will not hesitate to concur with me in attributing to the same qualities constantly exercised by him in the fulfilment of his duties, the early and successful issue of the claim of our country to the bequest, and the full execution of Mr Smithson's intent, so far as concerned the commitment of his great trust, to the United States of America.

There was certainly no dilapidation of the funds by leaving them unemployed. For on the 4th of September 1838, only three days after the deposit of them by Mr Rush in the Mint, the sum of four hundred and ninety nine thousand five hundred dollars, was expended in the purchase of five hundred bonds of the State of Arkansas, for one thousand dollars each, bearing six per cent interest payable semi-annually, on the first of January and July in each year from the said fourth of September. And the further sum of eight thousand two hundred and seventy dollars and sixty-seven cents was applied to the purchase of eight bonds of the State of Michigan, bearing six per cent interest, payable semi-annually on the first Mondays in January and July, from the first of May 1838. The interest on all these bonds being payable at the City of New York.

This investment was made by the Secretary of the Treasury, in compliance with the 6th Section of the act of 7th July 1838, which I have read to you, and my most earnest objections to which were certainly of no character adverse to the present Administration of the general government. My objections were—First, that this authority to invest the fund was what is called in parliamentary language a *tack*, that is, a measure of a separate and distinct character, incongruously introduced into a Bill upon a subject entirely different. This is one of the worst abuses of Legislative power, of which perhaps no stronger illustration could be given than in this very Bill. It was an annual appropriation act, for the indispensable expenses of supporting the military Academy at West-point, during that year—by tacking upon it this incongruous adjunct for the investment of the Smithsonian fund, every member was compelled on the final passage of the Bill to vote either for this disposal of the fund, or against the necessary provision for the support of the Academy at West-point. The annual appropriation Bills, are indispensable provisions to fulfil the sacred obligations, and pay the contracted debts of the station. And what may be perhaps quite as effectual a security for their passage without them, the members of the Congress by whom they are enacted, cannot receive their own compensation. Congress cannot without a gross violation of the faith of the nation refuse to pass these Bills. If a measure of doubtful constitutionality or expediency is wedged into them or tacked upon them the freedom of action of every member is outraged, as if to quench his thirst a portion of deadly poison were held up to his lips to be swallowed mingled in a cup of wholesome liquor.

Secondly. That the investment of this fund, by the Secretary of the Treasury in State Stocks was authorized at the rate of five per cent a year. This would have been precisely equivalent to a deduction of one per cent a year from the fund itself, and from the glorious purposes to which it had been devoted by the Testator. And it was a discretionary power given to the Secretary of the Treasury to offer it as a gratuitous donation, or, to call things by their true names, a bribe of more than five thousand dollars a year, filched from this fund for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, to any one State of this Union, from which or from whose representatives in Congress, any deed or vote of dishonor might have been required as the price of the purchase. The section as first drawn made it imperative on the Secretary of the Treasury to invest the fund in State Stocks, at five per cent a year, when at that time the Government of the United States itself was borrowing money by millions upon Treasury notes, at the yearly rate of interest of six per cent. I remonstrated against the whole Section in vain, but the Section was so altered as to authorize the Secretary to invest the fund at a rate of interest *not less* than five per cent a year, leaving him at liberty to require more.

I must do the Secretary of the Treasury the justice to say that he did require more, and that the funds were invested at the rate of interest of six per cent. But he took the Stocks at par. Whether that was their value in the market at that time, I am not positively informed. I desire to pass no censure upon the execution of the Law, and still less to disparage the credit of the States of Arkansas or of Michigan. I believe, as I believed when this Section was made a part of the Law of the Land, that it was a measure radically wrong, but as the faith of this whole Union has been solemnly pledged for the application of the fund to the exalted purposes prescribed by the Testator, I still fondly cherish the hope, and would relinquish it but with life, that this plighted faith will ultimately be redeemed.

I have stated candidly and explicitly my objections to this first disposal by Congress of the Smithsonian funds. There are two other objections, which for my individual self I do most heartily disclaim, but which I recommend to the Constitutional meditations and scruples of that portion of my hearers, who concur in the general principles and approve the measures of the present national Administration.

First, then, this measure was a *loan* by the Government of the United States, to the States of Arkansas and of Michigan. An *assumption* of their State debts—a small portion to be sure of those of Michigan, but to the extent of half a million of dollars of those of Arkansas. When at an early period of the History of our national Government, the revolutionary debts of all the States were *assumed*, by the establishment of the funding system enacted by Congress, what aged man now present, can fail to remember the long, pertinacious and vehement debates, both in and out of Congress, contesting the Constitutional power of that body to assume the debts of the States; even those contracted for the support of the War of Independence. And what man among you is so young as not to remember, that at the very last Session of Congress, a large majority of the House of Representatives passed a Resolution that by the Constitution of the United States, Congress have no power to do indirectly that which they cannot do directly.

And secondly—this assumption of State debts, was also an appropriation by Congress of the public monies of the ration to *internal improvement*. Not merely internal improvement upon objects of great national concernment but upon objects interesting only to a single State. The debts of Arkansas and of Michigan, thus assumed by Congress, were contracted by the Legislatures of those States for a specie capital of a Bank and internal improvements exclusively within themselves, and if Congress have no Constitutional power to expend the monies of the people for internal improvements—no power to do indirectly what they cannot do directly, where shall be found their authority to appropriate half a million of dollars to assume so much of the debt of the State of Arkansas, contracted for her own internal improvement, and to furnish the capital for a Bank?

And yet this authority was found, and exercised in that little sixth Section of an act to provide for the support of the Military Academy at West-point for the single year 1838—found and exercised, without opposition and without comment, by the same identical persons who resist tooth and nail all appropriations for internal improvement, and who within six months after this appropriation, resolved that Congress possess by the Constitution no power to do indirectly that which they cannot do directly.

I have said, and repeat from the bottom of my heart, I disclaim for myself these objections to the Constitutional power of Congress. There are at this moment existing in this Union upwards of two hundred millions of dollars of State debts contracted for monies expended upon internal improvements. Upon the same principle and by the same authority that Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase Stocks of the States, and appropriated more than half a million of dollars from the Treasury of the United States for the purchase they may appropriate from the same Treasury monies for the purchase of all the Stocks of all the States in the Union, and as this assumption of half a million of the debt of the State of Arkansas, was unquestionably a high favor and benefit conferred upon that State, it gives a perfect right to every other State in the Union to claim an equal and proportional favor and benefit from the Government of the United States. The population of the State of Arkansas is represented in Congress by one member—a proportional assumption of the debt of the State of New York, to the half million of the State of Arkansas would require an appropriation of twenty millions of dollars, and the like benefit to the State of Pennsylvania could only be conferred by an appropriation of fourteen millions. There can be no Constitutional objection to this from those who have already appropriated half a million for the purchase of Arkansas bonds. There can be no equitable objection, to a demand of equal favor, made in behalf of any other State, from those who have supplied the State of Arkansas with half a million of dollars in gold, for her institution of a Bank, or her expenditures upon objects of internal improvement.

I might press these objections further by calling to your minds the weight and importance of the State of Arkansas and of her single representative in the House at Washington, upon the contingency of a Presidential election; but I forbear. I hope the wrong done by this first misapplication of the Smithsonian funds is not irreparable, and I yet hope that in the future application of them the sacred faith of the nation, pledged with the acceptance of the bequest, will never be tarnished by the application of them to objects other than the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

Immediately after receiving the letter from Mr Rush, written at London the 15th of May 1838 announcing his approaching return with the proceeds of the bequest, and of which I have taken the liberty to read you an extract, I waited on the President of the United States, and in a friendly and unreserved conversation with him, expressed the great satisfaction that I felt at the successful issue of Mr Rush's agency, and my anxious solicitude for the faithful employment of the funds when received to the great and benevolent purposes of the Testator. I observed to him that the most imminent danger of all such public spirited foundations was the perversion of their funds to other uses than those of the founder, or the total waste of them by misapplication. That I could not be without my fears with regard to the destiny of this Institution. That the object of the founder was deeply interesting to all mankind. That the Trust was of high responsibility for honor or for shame to our country, and that I earnestly hoped he would be prepared at the opening of the next Session of Congress, with some specific plan for the investment of the funds so as to secure the inviolable permanency of the capital unimpaired, and the annual appropriation of the interest, at once to the constant increase of the fund and to the glorious purpose of the founder. That such a plan recommended by him in a Message to Congress, and supported by his personal influence and that of his friends in both Houses, would undoubtedly be carried through with little opposition, and I pledged myself to give to it all the support in my power, both by my own individual exertion, and by whatever feeble influence I might possess over the minds of others.

The President received my suggestions with kindness and courtesy. He concurred entirely in my satisfaction at the success of Mr Rush's mission, and in approbation of the zeal and ability with which it had been conducted by him. He said that in the interval before the next Session of Congress he would consult the opinions of learned and respectable men in various parts of the Union, with regard to the disposal of the funds, and would gladly receive any further observations that I might be disposed to make, as well as from any other person, whom I might recommend to be consulted on the subject.

I said that from the time of the passage of the Act of Congress of 1st July 1836 constituting the agency for recovering the funds bequeathed by Mr Smithson's Will, until the certainty fully established that the funds would be realized, I had purposely abstained from all considerations other than of the most general nature with regard to the disposal of monies, of which it was doubtful whether they would ever come to our hands. I had therefore no specific plan in contemplation, and should cheerfully concur in any one which might be recommended by him, and which upon candid examination my judgment should approve. There were two principles which I believed would be indispensable for accomplishing the purposes of the Testator. The first that no appropriation should ever be made from the capital of the fund. That this should be invested as a perpetual annuity at the annual interest of six per cent, and that all the appropriations should be from the annual income.

Secondly—That no part of the appropriations should ever be made for the endowment of any school, college, university, institute of education, or ecclesiastical establishment. The express purpose declared by the Testator being not the education of children or of youth, but the *increase* and diffusion of knowledge among *men*.

With these two principles established as fundamental laws for the administration of the Smithsonian funds, I should feel a cheering security and hope that there would be no irremediable embezzlement or diversion of them. But my own opinion and inclination would be that the first appropriations, should be applied for several years exclusively to the erection and endowment of an Astronomical Observatory, with an Astronomer, Assistants, buildings, instruments and books, for continual observation of the Heavens from year's end to year's end,—for the publication from time to time of these observations, and for the annual composition and publication of a nautical almanac.

The President expressed no disapprobation of any part of these remarks, and I understood him to receive with pleasure, the idea of preserving the capital fund unimpaired, and confining the appropriations to the yearly income. Of the rest he gave no decisive opinion.

After this interview, on the morning of the 9th of July 1838 immediately before the close of the Session, a Resolution was adopted by the House of Representatives requesting the President to cause to be laid before the House during the first week of the next Session of Congress, all such communication, papers, documents &c., in possession of the Executive, or which could be obtained, as should elucidate the origin and objects of the Smithsonian bequest, and the origin, progress, and consummation of the process, by which that bequest had been recovered, and whatever might be connected with the subject.

In compliance with this Resolution, the President on the 7th of December, 1838, transmitted to the House, a Message, with reports from the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury, and documents containing the information requested by the Resolution. The Report from the Secretary of State was accompanied with letters from Mr Rush reporting the progress and conclusion of his agency. The Report from the Secretary of the Treasury included vouchers from his department showing the amount of the funds and of other effects received from the bequest of Mr Smithson. The disposal of 508,000 dollars of the money in the purchase of Arkansas and Michigan bonds; and an important opinion of the Attorney General of the United States, who had been consulted by the Secretary on the question whether the expenses of recovering the bequest should be deducted from the fund, or were a charge upon the government of the United States to be provided for by Congress by appropriation.

After stating the provisions of the Act of 1st July 1836 for the appointment of the Agent to recover the bequest and the pledge of faith of the United to apply the monies and other funds which might be received to carry into effect the provisions of the Will, the Attorney General says:

'From these provisions it appears to me that Congress intended that there should be no diminution of the funds bequeathed for the purpose specified in said will, but that the whole, whatever they might amount to, should be applied to carry into effect the intention of the Testator; and when the object of the bequest is considered, it cannot be supposed that Congress would act in any other than a liberal spirit.

'My opinion therefore is, that the amount of the whole money, and other funds received by the Agent of the United States under the Act of 1st July 1836 without reduction, constitute the Smithsonian fund, for the purposes specified in said Smithson's will; and that the whole expenses of prosecuting said claim, receiving and transporting the same to this country, including any additional expenses which may have been incurred here, ought to be defrayed out of the appropriation made by Congress.'

In the interval between the Session of Congress which closed on the 9th of July and that which commenced on the 3d of December 1838. I received from the Secretary of State of the United States the following letter.

'Department of State, Washington, July 19, 1838.

'Sir,—By the will of James Smithson late of London, deceased, property to a considerable amount was bequeathed to the United States, for the purpose as expressed in the language of the Will of 'founding at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.'

The United States having, under the authority of an Act of Congress approved the first of July 1836, accepted the legacy, pledged their faith for the performance of the trust, in such manner as Congress may hereafter direct, and recovered the proceeds of the bequest, to the amount of about one hundred thousand pounds sterling, the President is anxious, in presenting the subject to Congress, for their consideration and action upon it, to aid his judgment by consulting the view of persons versed in science, and in matters relating to public education, as to the mode of applying the proceeds of the bequest, which shall be likely at once to meet the wishes of the Testator, and prove most advantageous to mankind. The President will be pleased to have, if agreeable to you to give it, the result of your reflections on the subject, communicated through this Department at as early a day as convenient. JOHN FORSYTH.'

I hope you will observe with pleasure, both in this letter, and in the opinion of the Attorney General, which I have quoted, the reference to the pledge of the faith of the United States given in the Act of Congress of the 1st of July 1836, that the whole fund should be faithfully applied to the expressed purpose of the Testator 'the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.'

Having drawn with my own hand that Act, as it stands without the alteration of a word, upon the Statute book, it has given me heartfelt satisfaction that although there were members averse to the acceptance of the bequest, the Bill was unanimously reported by a Committee of nine menbers of the House of Representatives; that it was adopted, without a proposal of amendment or a word of opposition by both Houses of Congress, and approved by the then President of the United States. It has delighted me yet more to find that the full import of that pledge of faith has been understood and felt, by the Agent, commissioned for the recovery of the funds, and by the present President of the United States and the Heads of Departments. In my own judgment the more naked acceptance of the bequest, would have imposed upon the United States the moral obligation of all that was promised in the pledge of faith; but to this moral obligation I was desirous of adding a sanction equivalent to an oath before God, and such I considered the pledge of faith in the Bill. The report which accompanied it contained an exposition of the *principles*, upon which the pledge was founded; for which reason I have taken the liberty of reading it to you now. For although it was accepted by the House, and five thousand copies of it were printed for distribution by the members, so little interest was then taken in the subject by the public, perhaps from a suspicion very generally entertained that the money would never be recovered, that I believe the Report was never printed in any newspaper, and I doubt whether one in fifty of my present hearers ever read it or knew of its existence till this evening.

The same letter which I received from the Secretary of State, was addressed also to the late Thomas Cooper of South Carolina, to Richard Rush, President Wayland, Albert Gallatin, Rev. Stephen Olin of Boydtown, Virginia, Philip Lindsley, Nashville, Tennessee, and Professor Davis, Charlottesville, Virginia. Letters in answer were received by the Secretary from President Wayland, Mr Cooper, Mr Rush, and two from me. One also was received by the President, from the Rev. Mr Chapin, President of the Columbian College in the District of Columbia, whom the President had personally requested to communicate to him his views upon the subject. These papers were all transmitted to Congress with his Message of the 6th of December, 1838.

But I may no longer trespass upon your time—my own profound anxiety upon this more than national and more than temporal concern, has perhaps misled me to the belief that a historical narrative of this extraordinary bequest, from its origin to its present condition, with a glance forward to its future prospects, would be acceptable to you, though presented with a detail of vouchers and documents not exactly suited to the airy amusement of a popular lecture. It may therefore be sufficient to add that at the last short Session of Congress there was not time for maturing the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution, and that it remains for the future action of Congress.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.

The particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge, and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers; In a seaport town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached on Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of strict observation of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering on his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. 'It is now exactly fifteen years,' said he, 'since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Among those that came nither that evening, were three young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in his pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he cried, 'ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!'—But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren,' continued the preacher with much emotion, 'what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery: the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail in this city. The third, my brethren'—and the speaker's agitation become excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—'the third, my brethren, is he who is about to address you—*listen to him.*'

[From the Common School Journal.]

ON THE MOTIVES TO BE ADDRESSED IN THE INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.

Dear Sir,—In the enumeration of the motives which might be addressed, for the successful management and instruction of children, I mentioned next, *the love of knowledge.*

Any one who had never been inside of a school, but had acquired a knowledge of the things in the creation, and of the history of man, by observation and converse and reading, amongst men and women engaged in the usual occupations of life, would be surprised to be told that little advantage is taken, in the common course of instruction, of this universal and most powerful principle. What can be more universal and powerful than curiosity? This instinctive love of the soul for all the beautiful creation, into the midst of which it has been born? This innate yearning of every faculty towards the objects for which it was created? Observe how, in a child, every sound awakens it. See how every color, every motion, every new form charms. See with what delight the young lord of the world handles, lifts, pulls, breaks, weighs, and measures the materials of his future power, the creatures of his empire. Mark the rapt attention with which he listens to the story of every one of his fellow-creatures, of the lower or the higher races, the impatience with which he waits for your answer to his innumerable questions, about ends and causes and mechanisms,—the how, and whence, and what for; —and then be told that this almost irrepressible desire to learn *is repressed*, this powerful impulse is neglected and forgotten, and the noble boy is made to learn, not because knowledge is delightful, and *by the delight* with which the heart and mind spring outward to it, but by being mated against his brother, and by his desire of outmastering him,—by blows, and shame, and envy!

And how happens this? It would be a long and mournful story, I should have to tell, to answer how we mistake the objects and the end of learning. We perversely misunderstand the character of the being we have to deal with. We make that wretched mistake, to which in all things we seem too prone,—we mistake the means for the end. Instead of endeavoring to teach of things of human life, of the laws of creation, of the character of the infinitely benevolent Author, we act as if we thought that the great *ends* of teaching were, how to spell and to read, and cipher and parse. We imprison a child for hours, and condemn him to stillness, at an age when he was never intended to be still, and put into his hands a thing of man's invention, a book of columns and pages, page after page, of nonsense, impenetrable, inexplicable nonsense, and then wonder that he is not as bright and gleesome as we have seen him in a garden, in the pursuit of the flowers and butterflies of God's workmanship. We approach them with an outstretched ferule, and stern look and voice, and are vexed, that he is not as much delighted to see us, as if we came with smiles and kindness. We carry on this process for some years, and then wonder that all his assciations with a school are not pleasurable. The wonder should be, that any child should be susceptible of being moulded to our will to such a degree, that any of these associations should be pleasant.

But how shall the love of knowledge be substituted for the usual motives? How shall a child be taught spelling, and reading, and parsing, by the desire of knowledge?—If I should admit that neither of them could be, I should still leave the field for the exercise of this motive wide enough; for all these are rather the means of getting at knowledge, than knowledge itself. They should be regarded only as means. A child who knew them, and them only, would know nothing. They are but methods by which something else is to be reached. But I do not admit this. I admit, indeed, that as long as the art of spelling is taught by means of nonsense columns, the love of knowledge can have nothing to do with it. But I trust that you have, yourself, said enough about the absurdity of this method, to open people's eyes to the enormous amount of mischief to the mind, which must always come from its use. And in a late number of this Journal, I read some very sensible remarks upon spelling, which showed how curiosity could be turned to that, when sensibly taught, as well as to any thing else. As to reading, it is now, usually, when taught at home, by kind and intelligent parents, taught through the love of knowledge—or that, and love of a parent's approbation. Put suitable, well-written children's books, such as they can perfectly understand, into the hands of children, and they will soon learn to read, not in the drawling, monotonous tone so common in schools, but in a simple and natural manner, with spirit and effect. I have now in my eye and in my heart, two children, who, without a tear or a sigh, but with delight, learnt of a sensible and loving mother, how to read, and well too; and beautifully and naturally they did read, so that it was a pleasure to hear them, until they went to school. There, from books they could not understand, and befitting teachers, they soon learnt to substitute for the natural method, in which feeling answered to feeling, and thought, to thought, the loud, boisterous, humdrum school mode, which had nothing to do with sense or feeling.

Regard reading as an end, and you will not succeed in teaching it well. Consider it only as the means by which the heart and head of the writer may reach the heart and head of the reader, and it becomes an easy and natural thing. We often hear surprise expressed that there are so few good readers, when so much time is spent on the art. The wonder rather is that there should be any; that a child should be carried through the long rigmarole of Mr Anybody's spelling-book, and ever after be able to learn to read well at all. But enough of reading.

As to parsing, I give it up. I can hardly conceive of the love of knowledge having much to do with it. It may be a pleasant exercise for some of the faculties, when the mind is sufficiently mature to be prepared for it.

But all these are mere methods; and I shall have occasion to speak of them hereafter. If the object of a teacher were to communicate as much knowledge as possible, he would immediately find that the love of knowledge might be enlisted, and that much might be communicated, without having recourse to other stimulants. For this purpose, however, he must pursue one of two courses. The must either select simple, well-written books, for the pupils to read, or he must make special preparation himself, that may supply the place of books. In most schools, it may be difficult to introduce a sufficient variety of books, to communicate information upon all the subjects upon which instruction should be given. In none, would it be impossible for the teacher to impart a great amount of valuable knowledge, to pupils in almost every stage of advancement. The subjects which will be found interesting to children, are such as the following;—the appearance, food, dress, manners, and customs of different nations, and whatever relates to the condition of man in all parts of the world; the air, and its motions, and cause of wind; water, what it is made of, how it is raised into the air, and falls, and flows into the sea, how it freezes, and forms snow, and rends rocks; rocks, their uses, the fact that they are made of airs and combustible substances; heat and its effects; useful plants, such as are used for food, or fuel, or the arts, what makes them grow, and how beautiful they are; animals, their sagacity, habits, uses; the moon, its changes and action on the tides; ships, how they are made, how they sail, whither they go, what they carry; short histories, anecdotes of great or good men:—and others without number.

Let a teacher make it a part of every day's duties to prepare himself *to communicate some particular piece of information*, and feel a strong interest in it himself, and I doubt whether he will find it difficult to excite interest in children. Let him, for example, tell his pupils that there is a country where, for some weeks in winter, the sun does not rise, and where the snow is often so deep that there is no travelling, and ask them how they think people can occupy themselves, during these long nights; then let him give them the beautiful picture we have of the domestic life and habits of the Icelanders, where every family is a school and a workshop, and the business and the instruction of life going on together. Or let him tell them how glass is made, or how a book is printed; and I have no fear that he will have to whip them to attention.

He must, however, learn to talk, not Latin, not from the dictionary, but in simple, downright household, Saxon English; such as men of sense talk on their farms and in their workshops, and women of sense in their kitchens or among their sisters. Let the end of talking be to interest and instruct, not to exhibit himself.

And let him not be discouraged if he do not

succeed the first or second time. It will require some practice to enable him to do the thing well, himself, and it will require some patience to break up the bad habits of inattention in children, and accustom them to listen and look. But what good thing is there that we can get without any trouble? And this art is well worth the pains. G. B. E.

For the Register and Observer.

WHERE IS THE GUILT?

An attack was once made upon a professor of the Gospel of Peace. The good man preferring rather to suffer wrong than to do wrong, neither sought to repel his assailant by force, nor to escape. He stood firm, exclaiming, 'strike me if you will, but remember that every hair of my head is numbered.'

And is this so? Is every hair of the head numbered? Is every limb of the body, every sinew and muscle, every part of the man, aye, of all men, of every tribe and nation, set down in God's book of remembrance? Is the flesh and blood of each and all, registered as the property of God?

And yet, how has this flesh been torn, how have these sinews and muscles been mangled, how has this blood been spilled!—And we, Americans, have done a full share of this human butchery. Look at Bunkers' hill, hard by: on that hill more than one thousand men were destroyed, some pierced by the bullet, some severed by the sword or crushed by the heavy blow of the musket, and more than one hundred thousand were thus cut and mutilated in the battles of the revolution or festered, became corrupt, and thus perished in your jails and prison ships. Though they were of olden times, we have not forgotten the massacres of the Indians and the carnage of the French wars. Let us call to mind too, the cuts and gashes and death wounds of your last war with Great Britian—remember the battles on the Canada frontier—the work of destruction on the banks of the Mississippi, think of the decks of your ships slippery with human gore, trace out the track of the privateer by the bloody water which follows in her wake,—look into the cock-pit and hear the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying. More than a million have perished in your wars. Bring together before your imagination as distinctly as you can, upon some vast plain, this mass of suffering, this immense army of wounded and dying men, side by side, extending in every direction as far as the eye can reach—I dare not attempt the description of such a scene.

The hair upon the head of each of these was numbered; and though their bodies have become dust and ashes, though the names of most of them have passed away from the memory of man, notwithstanding this, every blow which was struck, every wound which was given, is also set down in God's book of remembrance and the souls of this million of murdered men now live, in another world as a memorial against those who thus marred the image of God.

We hang him who, in passion or lust or covetousness, destroys one of his fellow-men—so intense is our indignation at the crime of murder. Now tell me, have millions been murdered and does no sin attach itself to those who caused their death? is it not an awful mass of crime? Where then does the guilt fasten itself? or where does this soul-crushing weight of sin now bear?

On th nation? the nation has no soul. Men are not judged by masses, by armies, in companies, before the bar of God. Each soul stands alone before the judge of all the earth; the dread weight of sin cannot be borne up by united strength. It bears down upon each and every one who has mutilated the body of his brother man. I know that the sin may be forgiven, that the tears of penitence and the blood of the Lamb will wash away the guilty stains of the soul, so that it shall be as white as the snow. I know that God is merciful—blessed be his holy name—yet this takes not from the enormity of the crime. His mercy by the strong contrast with the cruelty of man adds to the deep colors of the carnage, making the petition, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,' a mockery on the lips of unforgiving man.

But on whom does the guilt rest? Not on the soldier only; he is but the passive instrument of death, a part of the machinery of war—often no more accountable than the sword that he wields. On the attacking army—the enemy? The soldiers dressed in red bear no more malice to those dressed in blue than they to them. On the officers, the commander-in chief? not always, for they are taught to fight from the pulpit, encouraged by public opinion, they are excited to the work of destruction by the 'Te Deum' for victory sung in your churches—by the laurels which your poetry weaves for them—by the monuments upon the fields of blood—such as look upon you from the neighboring height. On civil rulers and magistrates? Let us remember that *they* are appointed for this very purpose. On whom, then does the heavy weight fall? On him who teaches that Christians may fight; that the choice between human governments outweighs the law of God, 'Thou shalt not kill:' that property, reputation, glory are more essential than forgiveness to enemies; that a religion of love and meekness and humility cannot secure human rights and human happiness. On those whose lusts and passions oppose the reign of the Prince of Peace upon earth; on those who speak of self defence as a law of man's nature, forgetting that self-sacrifice is the law of Christ, on all who do not lift up their hands, their hearts, their voices against the shedding of man's blood; on all who are conformed to this world, looking to public opinion rather than to the gospel for a standard of right; on all who have no faith in the law of love, who believe that there is no balm in Gillead, no physician there.

I place not this sin of murder upon any man or upon any set of men. We have no right to judge any one. The secrets of no heart are known to us. We can only try ourselves by the law of our consciences, and the subject leads us to solemn self-examination. We know, that the body of no man is torn and mangled, no one pours out his blood upon the field of battle without the sin of murder attaching itself some where. He who has caused the death of a man is a murderer. Connected as we are one with the other, subject to the influence of each other, being each of us our brother's keeper, crowded together as we all are in the mazy labyrinth of life, we cannot trace out him who caused the deadly blow, by whose means ascended the dying groan. But this dying groan goeth up to God who seeth and knoweth all things, who looketh directly into the heart of each. To him the guilty one stands revealed. Let every Christian look to this, and determine to free his own skirts from blood!

ELLIOTT.

Portsmouth, N. H.

For the Register and Observer.

PARAELES FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

The Rhine.

When in the beginning of time, Nature had laid the foundations of the mountains, and had hollowed out the basin of the sea, she went forth from her pavilion of clouds, to *Gotthard*,* and said, 'It is meet, that the good should be combined with the great, and to the mighty should be given a wide sphere of action. Thou standest fixed, but I will give thee a son, who shall bear into distant lands the might and the blessings which thou on thy heights producest!'

She spoke, and from the mountain-top up sprang the Rhine.

Happy and free, full of vigor and courage, rolled the young stream down the mountain. He dashed playfully into *Lake Boden*; but the lake restrained him not. Its waters separated and made way; unweakened and unchanged the youthful river came forth again, and continued his course. For he was a son of Nature, and born of clouds on the mountain.

Now grown to a young man, he selected his own path. Noble Nature erred not in her choice. She chose the great and good. He cut his way through rocks and mountains. These exercised and tempered the impetuosity of his youth. Therefore vine-yards made garlands for his path.

Glorious was his progress. A hundred rivers and countless brooks attended him, and mingled their lovely waves with his mighty torrent. For the God-like attracts to itself the noble, and the high seeks to become united with the highest.

Now his course became manly and more quiet. He flowed on stiller, but not feebler. The stern winter strove to bind him with eternal chains. He burst them asunder, as one would break threads.—He had tested the strength of his youth, and had shattered rocks.

His stream was like a polished mirror. Not now the happy vine, the fruit of the mountain, but corn-fields, rich with plenty, surrounded him; his back bore ships and rafts.—Thus quiet strength combines the useful with the beautiful.

He neared the end of his career. And by human art and the lowness of the lands, the patient river was divided into manifold streams, which are called by other names.

And men, when they consider his might, and his blessings, call him *Father Rhine.*

Patience.

The wise Hillel had been discoursing to his disciples upon patience. And they said to him 'Master, now give us also an emblem and a likeness, as thou art wont.'

Hillel answered and said, 'I liken it to the most costly of earth's productions, the precious stone. Covered up by sand and dirt, it rests in the dark lap of earth. Though not a ray of light comes near it, it still glistens in unfading beauty, a child of that heavenly light, which it faithfully cherishes in itself. Thus its lustre remains even in the deep night; but freed from its dark prison, and brought up to the day, being united with gold, it composes the marks and ornaments of royality—king, sceptre and crown.

'Thou comparest the quietest and most hidden of virtues to the greatest of earthly ornaments!' said the young men.

'Its end,' said Hillel, 'is the crowning of life!' J.

*A celebrated mountain in Germany.

For the Register and Observer.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES. NO. III.

From a Lady in England to her young friends in Boston.

The Abbey of Lanthony was situated near Gloucester; nothing now remains but the gateway, upon which are the arms of the Earl of Hereford and others, but so worn with age, that you would pass it as not worth a second look, having the appearance of an old, tumble down wall, with an arch in it; yet it makes a good picture, and on paper, if well delineated, you would give it all the admiration its founders could desire. I fear a farther account of this ancient place would only tire you. I hope to interest you, from its being so decidedly in contrast with what you have ever seen. A time will doubtless arrive when the crumbling ruins which are now the admiration of antiquaries, and others of approved taste, will give place to more useful buildings; or the ground on which they stand will be agriculturally appropriated to increase the means of feeding and clothing the poor, as the Ancient Castle in this city has been destroyed, to make room for a prison, the great end of which is to produce reformation in offenders; the regulations which have been adopted for this purpose, are founded on the principles of prudence, lenity and benevolence. The beautiful Cathedral no one can ever desire to see destroyed; we may only hope, that as one great step toward reformation has been taken, in the great change from popery to protestantism, so the time may come, when another glorious change will be effected, and true religion, as given to us by Jesus, will be substituted for the remains of popery, which have been handed down to us by our half enlightened ancestors. At present, I see not the glimmering of a hope of any such change taking place in this city, except it be in the extreme bigotry, which is here displayed on the part of Trinitarians, and which may by and by defeat the end they have in view. I cannot dismiss Gloucester from your notice without mentioning that Woodchester in this county has obtained great celebrity from various and splendid Roman antiquities, which, at different times, have been discovered. A book was published in 1797, the price of which was fifty dollars, giving an account of a beautiful pavement, discovered by grave-diggers at different times; it is represented as being equalled by few in the Roman Empire, for its size and richness of ornament; and we cannot doubt that it must have given much amusement, and been equally comfortable with our best carpets, when we learn that this pavement had several flues running under it, which crossed each other at right angles, they were built of stone, four feet in height and from the remains of soot, were doubtless used for heating the rooms under which they were constructed. The ornaments, being such as prevailed in the time of Hadrian, it is probable his taste was exercised, and, perhaps, he at times resided here: at least, it must have been the residence of a Roman governor, and a place of great consequence; now it is a picturesque little village, containing about 5 or 6 hundred inhabitants, many of them employed in the clothing trade, caring little about the splendid work of art beneath them, or of the riches which may be useless in some hidden corners. Among a number of brass coins found, are one of Hadrian, and another of Lucilla, of large size, and a considerable number of smaller ones; a large quantity of gold coin of Edward the fourth was discovered in 1697. Various pieces of stag's horns, broken glass, a dagger, and other antiquities have been discovered among these remains.

As I am about to leave Gloucester for Devonshire, my favorite county, I shall only tell you, that unless you are Antiquaries I fear you would have little pleasure in visiting that place at present. The remains of Colonel Webb were brought through there a few weeks since; he had been a Member for Gloucester for sixteen years; his daughter wished to see Niagara, and, to gratify her, he made the voyage, was taken ill at the Falls, and died almost suddenly; two hundred gentlemen in deep mourning met the funeral at the entrance of the city; numerous carriages followed, so that the spectacle was quite imposing. I have paid but a short visit at Cheltenham. It is a modern built town, of great beauty. I saw nothing like a mean looking house or person in the place; it reminded me of Boston more strongly than any other place I have seen. It was Sunday, and I accompanied a party from Gloucester to hear the Rev. Mr Armstrong preach; he came from Bristol, and is a very interesting person, inasmuch as he has braved the opinions of worldly-minded people, and after being educated in the doctrines of the church of England, and preached many years according to her dictates, he has at last embraced the purer faith, and is now gratifying his hearers by preaching to them the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he sent. S. M.

For the Register and Observer.

While on a visit at the house of a friend, as I was admiring a beautiful marble figure of 'Samuel at Prayer,' I observed a little child in the room kneeling beside the statue, with clasped hands in innocent imitation. Being asked by the child to write her a hymn, and not having a single idea of my own, I borrowed one from her—which I now return embodied in verse.

'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'

I saw a statue, purely white,
'T was 'Samuel,' bending low in prayer;
And near it stood, oh beauteous sight!
Fair Anna, kneeling meekly there.

And thus, my child, in after days,
Should sorrow cloud this brow so fair,
Remember still the statue prays,
Still let your heart be found at prayer.

Sweet Anna, mark! no stain or spot
Has dimmed the marble; see, it stands
Without a blemish or a blot,
As first it left its maker's hands.

An emblem ever let it be
Of that young heart, so gay, so bright;
Here, may you live in purity—
And *there*, an angel, robed in white.

J. S. W.

For the Register and Observer.

I have read with deep interest the remarks of T. W. in the last Register, on the 'Christian Watchman versus Unitarianism,' and while I regret that the Editor of *that* paper departed so far from his usual candid and charitable judgment of those of other denominations, I equally regret that so many liberal Christians give too much occasion for those opposed to their faith to speak reproachfully. The fact is, Mr Editor, (and many Unitarians admit it) that we want more of the spirit and warmth expressed in Mr Peabody's 'Revival Sermon,' which gave occasion for the remarks of the Watchman on Unitarians, and which I admit were quite too unqualified; yet if Unitarians are thereby led to avoid ALL occasion of reproach cast on them, good will result. My principal object, however, is to call the attention of our Baptist Brother of the Christian Watchman, to the fact, that the 'adherents of rum selling' do not *all* worship, or commune in liberal churches, for I can name more than *one, and I believe professing Christians*, who are extensive dealers in alcohol among the Baptists, who continue in this day of light and knowledge on this great subject to traffi in Ardent Spirits. I will only add by way of caution to the Watchman, 'Cast out the beam from thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye.' CANDOR.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 11, 1840.

A Review of the late Temperance Movements in Massachusetts. By Leonard Withington, Pastor of the First Church in Newbury, Mass.

This pamphlet is strongly marked by the peculiarities of the author's mind and taste. With much good sense there is mingled not a little eccentricity of thought and expression, and with much just feeling, not a little sarcasm and some railing accusations. That some of the Temperance movements and measures are liable to pungent criticism we shall not deny. And what less could have reasonably been expected? Is it not the same with all great, popular movements? Let Mr W. look over the history of the Reformation, and he will find an abundance of matter, on which to exercise his caustic pen. He need not go farther back than our own Revolution and he will meet with folly and extravagance enough to *interest* him exceedingly: there is not a single, great step in past human progress, on which minds so acute and penetrating, could not pour contempt. The history of social improvement might easily be turned into a farce. Now would Mr W. like to have us take up in his own way some revivals of religion which, we suppose, he highly approves, or the story of Calvinism, which he reveres as the truth of God? Wise men ought to be extremely cautious how they brandish sharp weapons. If we must wait till every member of the community is as discerning and prudent as Mr W., before any combined efforts are made to attain to a higher and purer condition, then probably *he* will allow, the Millenial glory will not dawn at present. But the truth is, and men of some sagacity, such as Washington for example, have acknowledged it, we must take people as we find them and do the best with and for them that we can. If with much folly and fanaticism we are able to effect some real, permanent good—it is all that can reasonably be expected. It is the lot of humanity. And he who complains of it, complains that God has made us as we are. And those who take delight in holding up such things to the scorn of ignorant and vicious men may be very *smart*—but whether they merit gratitude and respect for so doing may be questionable. What possible good Mr W. hopes to accomplish by publishing his pamphlet at this time we cannot imagine. The period when, if ever, it might have been of some use has passed. How easy to act the prophet, in magnificent style, after some decisive events have occurred. A small officer of militia can point out the errors and mistakes by which Napoleon was overthrown at Waterloo.

Some of the author's remarks concerning associations we like. We are persuaded there are too many of them, and that too much is hoped from them. All real improvement must be based on the moral improvement of individuals. Pledges, constitutions, outward changes, laws can do little, if any thing. Associations, except as they concentrate and direct the living, moral power of the community, are mere whited sepulchres, reeking with pernicious influence. Inasmuch as they are the offspring of vanity, pretension, the love of excitement or of authority, they are poisoned fountains. They exhale pestilence. Character is the growth of other and far higher agents and influences. *Truth* alone can sanctify the soul—and till the soul be sanctified, nothing of any importance is accomplished. And hopes not founded on the developement of moral force in the bosoms of individual men and women, are destined to disappointment. Jesus must be the corner stone of every spiritual work that endures. Wood, hay and stubble will be burnt up. The only certain means then of effecting real good, is the exercise of a constant, noiseless, holy influence. This is the strait and narrow way. It would be more pleasant for many, no doubt, to take a more broad, public road, amid the clatter of chariots, the sound of trumpets and the exulting shouts of multitudes. It is however, nothing better than sounding brass. We give the following passages.

Such organizations also present a false stimulus by holding out improper motives. How easy it is to excite mankind when ambition is addressed and office is the reward! How easy it is to band them into factions! When some great man—great in his own little sphere, the very *triton of the minnows*—is called to preside in some semi-moral, semi-political meeting; and the hope is held up to him, that, by favoring a cause of moral reform, he may be a justice, a representative, a congressman, or even a governor, is that man likely to found his zeal on sincerity, or to have a martyr's paradise? Monstrous expectation! Shall not a thousand examples teach us?

In this way, too, we mingle religion with faction; we throw the storms of discord over her calm and holy sea; we conjure up the beast with seven heads and ten horns; we turn the spirit of amity and love into hatred, and strife, and railing; and make the sacred altars of the sanctuary the place around which the caucus assembles. O for the scourge with which the Son of God drove the buyers and sellers from the temple, which they had made a den of thieves! O for the scourge, to drive these impious intruders from that holy ground! Let them go any where with their dreadful designs but to the house of prayer.

We love excitement; the appetite is increasing upon us; we are a peculiar nation. Some people, I have no doubt, have such a craving for *anti-ism*; for some party to follow, or some object to oppose; that if you could translate them to the bowers of Paradise, beneath the very shadow of the tree of life, their gloomy imagination would conjure up some phantom of evil, some giant of corruption, whom they must oppose with the zeal of holy hatred, and conquer by the arms of party strife. They could not sing the songs of Sion but in the chorus of a faction.

But the worst effect is, amid these new obligations multiplied so frequently, you teach men the arts of evasion, or, in plain words, hypocrisy. There is hypocricy of all kinds in this world, because it is always current in the market. There is the religious, the fashionable, the political, and the licentious hypocrite—the hypocrite of partial virtue, and the hypocrite of open vice. And whenever any such object is overvalued and blown up into a factitious popularity, there will be hypocrites in that cause.

I would most seriously invite all reflecting men to consider this subject; I am persuaded many found themselves floating on the stream before they knew whither it was bearing them. We have had feeling in abundance; let us have a little thinking. All such combinations are suspicious. Besides, you teach an art, which may be turned against you. It is as easy to combine for a bad purpose as a good one. If some combine to make laws and prosecute, will not others combine to repeal, to evade, or to resist them? Shall the whole land be filled with clubs and societies? Shall we be governed by them? Shall extreme liberty lead, as it often has led, to the most detestable tyranny? The laxity of our government, makes such things peculiarly dangerous. We are tempted, I know, to be impatient at the slow progress of the constituted powers. We are tempted to use new methods to quicken them, and in that plausible temptation we may find our danger and our destruction.

These and many other reasons, led me to distrust this new machinery, now so fashionable, in promoting that virtue which must always depend on the choice of the individual; and I am persuaded that just in proportion as I pray for the progress of reason, truth, and religion, I must pray to God to blast and confound these pernicious organizations. 'Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread.' Isaiah viii. 12, 13.

MINISTRY TO THE POOR IN CINCINNATI.

We have been gratified by the perusal of an interesting letter addressed by Mr James H. Perkins to the supporters and friends of the Ministry at large in Cincinnati. This gentleman has during the year past, been faithfully engaged in this cause in part with the aid, and by the appointment of the ancient society in this city for 'the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America.'

The large number of strangers and emigrants continually resorting to Cincinnati, many of whom are in a destitute condition, render a Ministry at Large in that growing city peculiarly necessary. We are happy in the permission to select a few extracts from this letter, and we entirely concur with the writer in the view he presents of the efficacy of religious and moral instruction, far beyond even the largest ministrations of charity, in improving the condition of the Poor.

'Believing very much of irreligion and vice to be connected with want, I have been trying during the six months past, to effect three objects; First, to bring about cooperation among those relieving the poor: Second, To convince the Public that Poverty is not to be relieved by almsgiving, but by intellectual and religious cultivation: and Third, To become widely acquainted with the Poor, and act upon them individually. To aid in effecting the first object, I, in union with Mr Blake, the Episcopal city missionary, (whose views agreed with mine,) rented an office at a central point, where we attend two hours each day (from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.) and whither we invite all wanting work, or wanting to have work done; all needing aid, and all willing to give aid; in short, all whose necessities or sympathies would bring them to 'The office for the Friends of the Poor.' Although this office has been open only since the last of October, and though we have taken no steps to spread knowledge of it abroad (for fear of having too many applicants,) it is very widely known, and during the proper hours is thronged. It has enlisted in its favor, if I mistake not, the best of our citizens of all classes, and, already, unsolicited donations to the amount of eight or nine hundred dollars, have been made us by men of all sects, all callings, and every grade of fortune. We have also, by their own choice, become distributors for four sewing societies, and have been invited to act in concert with two others. Individuals also, have offered their aid in the work of visitation and religious effort. We have great reason to think, therefore, that an union of the Friends of the Poor, may be in time effected, and very much of that deceit and vice which results from beggary, and alms given in ignorance of the true condition of the asker, done away. The names of all assisted by ourselves, the Township, the Societies, and private persons, so far as we know them, are recorded, and, even now, we find that three out of four of those to whom our attention is called by benevolent individuals, are already known to us. Our office has also done much by providing work for those in want of it, though the time has never been when employment was so hard to be procured as now.

The second point, namely to convince the Public that the only true way of curing the evils of Pauperism is to extend religious instruction, is one to my mind of the deepest importance. I do not think the misery and sin resulting from want can be much diminished save by the efforts of individuals to help other individuals to knowledge and virtue. I would have every man a minister at large for a few families; and shall continually present these ideas to the public; that Christianity and nothing else will relieve the evils of Poverty; that every one may do something to spread Christianity, and that the man without wealth who brings one family out of darkness into light, out of irreligion into religion, is more of a public benefactor than the giver of thousands of dollars in almsgiving.

In no respect does more need to be done in this city than in influencing children. Very much has been done, but still thousands are growing up here in vice and idleness. To this point my mind has been, and will be especially directed. While I remain a trustee, I have many opportunities of action, and scarce a day passes, but I send a child to school, or at least, try to prevail on the parent to do so.

By an examination of our criminal records, I find the Penitentiary commitments (*per cent of the population*) from this county to have been continually diminishing since 1820. I am also of the belief that intemperance and licentiousness are, proportionably diminishing. The character of our colored people has sensibly improved in ten years; and the tone of River-men has vastly altered since I first came here (1832)—this is observable on the Steam-boats, and is testified to by officers of boats, and the directors of the Hospital. There is everything, therefore, to encourage one in laboring to continue the good work; and I think, the various sects will unite in carrying it forward.

'CHRISTIANITY THE BASIS OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY.' A Discourse delivered at the fourth Anniversary of the Warren Street Chapel, January 26, 1840. By Thomas B. Fox, Pastor of the First Religious Society in Newburyport. Published at Request.

TEXT.—'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.' Acts iii. 6.

We perfectly concur with the doctrine Mr Fox has so beautifully expressed and strikingly illustrated in this discourse. We do not believe there is any power or influence on earth, that can effect much real good for man in any of his relations and capacities, except the power and influence of Christianity. Knowledge, science, art, literature cannot do it. Associations, excitements, political constitutions cannot do it. None of these agencies can regenerate and clothe humanity with moral grace and energy—and till this be done nothing of importance is done. You may make a man skilful, learned, intelligent, polished, rich, and you have yet conferred no essential benefit upon him *as a man*. You have not touched the great elements of his being and the sources of his true good, greatness and glory. Nothing can save men except Jesus and his truth. Many of the benevolent enterprises of the day we are certain will effect nothing valuable. They do not say, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth be ye so and so. They look away from Christ for energies and resources. They depend too much on expedients—on union, popularity, prejudice and passion.

They must be baptized anew into the name and spirit of Christ before we can hope much from them. We hope little from any thing except the calm and persevering inculcation of Christian truth.

After describing the circumstances attending the miracle mentioned in the text Mr Fox proceeds,

'In this interesting scene, we may see intimated the great truth, that in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, are the ills of humanity to be remedied, or, in other words, that the principles and truths, which are to excite and guide successful and genuine benevolence,—work out lasting and beneficial reform, are those made known, or uttered with new emphasis, by the gospel. The age of miracles is gone. No one can now, by a single word, give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, or cause the lame to 'leap as an hart.' The unusual power bestowed on the early disciples has not been transmitted to their successors. But the human race still suffers. The broad and dark shadows of sin still lie on the earth. The sighs and groans of distress still wound the ear. Poverty, disease and vice still rob men of peace and content. The warfare and desolation of passion is still going on. And whence is relief to come? Man—if I may use so bold a figure—lies on the earth, the beautiful gate of the celestial temple, lame and weak, asking with all the eloquence of suffering for succor and help. How shall he be rescued and restored? How shall he be raised up and made to enter the temple walking, leaping, and praising God? Even as of old. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, is he to be lifted up and made whole,—to receive light and strength, and be sent rejoicing on his heavenward way.

This is the topic on which I would dwell at the present time. I propose to show that certain truths of Christianity are those to which we must look for all energetic, persevering, and victorious efforts for the reformation of society and the regeneration of man.

It is an obvious fact that the evils which oppress mankind are mainly to be referred either to the triumph of the animal over the spiritual nature, or to ignorance. Let the intellect of an individual be strong, his affections pure, his conscience enlightened and seated as sovereign on the throne of the soul,—let him understand the laws of his own being, his relations to his fellow-men and the external world,—in a word, let him be at once intelligent and virtuous, in the widest sense of those terms, and, of course, he would be redeemed from bondage to vice and suffering. We are not the victims of arbitrary circumstances. Our condition depends very much, if not altogether, upon our mental and moral characters. Chance has not made those wide differences and broad contrasts which exist among the human family. Health, contentment, and a competence are not drawn as prizes in the lottery of life; but are the legitimate harvests of good seed, wisely sown. To a certain extent, and for its own excellent purposes, providence may make our lots various, and cause the comparatively rich and poor, the comparatively learned and ignorant, to meet and dwell together. But who can fail to see, that not to any ordination of heaven, but rather to the blindness, errors, and follies of men, is to be attributed the large amount of pain and evil, which so mars the beauty, and interrupts the harmony of our mortal life? For, could the rightful supremacy of the soul over the body be asserted, and the light of knowledge be made as universal as the light of the sun, earth itself would witness a higher degree of happiness than even the negative joy of paradise. This remark is confirmed by daily experience. Look at the most prevalent and mischief-working vices. They are the offspring of an exaggerated action of the lower propensities. Endeavor to estimate the agency of intemperance, selfishness, avarice, and lust, in the introduction and continuance of want and crime in the community; and have you not already accounted for a very large proportion of the misery and degradation which vexes the world!! But these ministers of evil, grow to a great extent, out of that part of our constitution which allies us to the brute. They are the children of those appetites, which are useful servants when kept in subjection to reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment; but Nero-like, unmerciful, and unsparing tyrants,—a gang of pirates preying upon all that is beautiful, and good, and holy, when allowed to rebel against their rightful rulers. Thus they do rebel in cases mournfully numerous. The marks of their burning footsteps, the traces of their work of death, the cries of agony they extort, are around and about us, robbing society of its peace, and breaking in continually upon its order and quiet.'

The following passage contains as much good sense as liberal sentiment.

'The spirit of reform is every where abroad. The claims of humanity are acknowledged, at least with the lips, as never before. But does sound wisdom direct all our plans of benevolence? I fear not. It seems, in not a few cases, as if men were either trusting to old and worn out measures, or had too great reverence for forms whose energy has departed, or were fascinated with schemes, which may make, for a time, a great show, but will accomplish little permanent good. Comparatively speaking, education is a slow process. It makes but little noise, and affords but few opportunities for display. Still, it is the only safe process. Whatever it does, it does effectually. Is it not, then, the process on which Christian philanthropy should rely? That philanthropy must spring in the first instance from religious principle, and always pursue religious ends. In this fact, however, there is nothing to forbid its acting on the truth, that not by one method alone is the whole man to be built up, or to prevent its including among its means of doing good every useful instrument. It may open the lecture rooms, as well as the church. It may employ the philosopher as well as the theologian,—the artist as well as the preacher. It may seek expositors of the volume of nature, as well as expositors of the volume of revelation.

All this is in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel. We imitate Him, who taught in the synagogue, on the Sabbath day, and yet drew a lesson for all hearts from the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air, whenever and however we comfort, instruct, and give joy to the children of men. He who promotes healness and economy in the dwellings of the poor, he who tempts men away from the dram-shop, by tempting them into the flower garden, he who substitutes innocent recreation for brutal and immoral sports, he who wins the eye with forms of beauty, and charms the ear with sounds of melody, in order to counteract the gaudy fascinations of vice, in short, he who 'in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth,' works in any way to advance the physical, intellectual, moral and religious education of man, whether he do so directly or indirectly, is working in the Master's vineyard, equally with him who utters the command to repent, or reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. The leathern girdle and camel's hair of the warning prophet is not the only garb, nor the voice of rebuke the only voice, of the Christian reformer. God has filled the universe with teachers to instruct the human soul. He hath written truth on the heavens and on the earth. He hath sent forth science and art on missions of mercy; created scenes of beauty, and awakened notes of music, to win man to virtue; and crowded the six days, as well as the seventh day, with benign influences to bless the immortal spirit. Labor and recreation, sorrow and gladness, that which charms the senses, and that which informs the mind, that which moves the heart, and that which quickens the imagination, may be so combined under the guidance of enlightened piety, as to advance the highest interests of humanity.'

For the Register and Observer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The thirteenth Anniversary of the Twelfth Congregational Sunday School was observed on Sunday evening 29th ult., at the Church in Chamber Street, which was beautifully lighted for the occasion. It was thronged in every part, and the occasion was one of deep interest.

The Pastor of the Society, Rev. S. Barrett, stated in a few brief words, the objects of the meeting, and the exercises were then commenced by an appropriate and devout prayer, by Rev. C. A. Bartol. The following Original Hymn by Rev. J. T. Sargent succeeded and was sung by the children.

Our Father, God and Guide,
Whose blessing, far and wide,
O'er all appears;
Behold! thy children press
Within their fane's recess,
Thy mercy to confess,
These *thirteen* years.

Behold! the altar flame
Which here, in thy great name,
Our fathers reared—
Still burns, o'er time and death,
Fanned by their children's breath.
Be all that Jesus saith
By us revered.

For still, that Savior's love
Is calling from above,
O, 'Feed my lambs.'
Come, Teachers, we entreat,
And heed the earnest bleat,
While hungering folds repeat,
O, 'Feed my lambs.'

O, Father! Let thy praise
Which, we this evening raise,
Our spirits rouse!
Thanks for what thou hast given:
Truth—teachers—hopes of heaven!
This day! the best of seven,
This holy house.

Our parents—books—and all!
The blessed Savior's call!
Our Pastor's prayer!
O Lord, in wisdom's ways,
So number all our days,
That when our heaven displays,
We enter there.

The parents of the Society were then addressed by the Rev. Mr Muzzey of Cambridgeport. In this address the value of a Christian education for the young, in connexion with the Sunday School, and the fire-side duties of parents in relation to this important subject, were set forth in a clear, eloquent, and interesting manner. Rev. Mr Lothrop of this city followed with an address to the Teachers. The pervading ideas of this performance were the qualifications of the Sunday School Teacher, a devout spirit and a deep and lively interest in the work;—the holy pleasures and high reward which are connected with a faithful discharge of its duties,—pleasures arising from the observation of the growth of the mind, and the developement of the spiritual nature in the child—of receiving in future years, the gratitude of those whom they have thus nurtured,—the sat-

isfactions at the close of a long life in the recollection of their labors in this noble work, and by which they were perpetuating as it were, their existence in the improvement of future generations,—and finally it adverted to some of the means to be used by the judicious teacher to render his work interesting and successful. This address was one of unusual felicity in matter and manner, and will leave an abiding impression on many hearts.

Another hymn succeeded, also sung by the children, of which the following is the first verse.

Hark! from that glorious world, what songs
Those heavenly voices raise;
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues,
Unite in perfect praise.

The children were then addressed by the Rev. F. T. Gray. The undivided attention of all, to this address, both young and old, was the best proof of its adaptedness to the occasion and for those to whom it was spoken. Its object was to impress upon the young before him, the worth of religion, as the only sure means of happiness—which was illustrated with great effect by instances drawn from real life, of its power to confer peace and joy in circumstances of poverty and trial, in old age and in youth, under sickness and in the hour of death.

Another hymn was then sung by the children.

Shall these our teachers be forgot
Whose voice and look benign,
First drew us to the Sabbath School,
And taught us there, lang syne, &c.

After this, the Pastor of the Society in bringing the meeting to a close, made a brief but thrilling call, in view of what they had witnessed, upon those who had the ability and leisure, to engage, when their services were needed, in the duties and pleasures of the school. The pastor and children then engaged simultaneously in offering the Lord's prayer, and the services were closed by the usual benediction.

No spectator of the scene could have remained unmoved, while witnessing such a large group of young persons, the pupils of this school, numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, about equally divided between the two sexes, occupying as they did together the principal front pews, and all so deeply engaged in the exercises of the evening, and contributing by their sweet and simple notes to the interest and enjoyment of the ocsasion. The services altogether, were deeply impressive and instructive, and we feel that there will go out from the observance of this anniversary, a new impulse in favor of the cause of the moral and religious culture of the young, and a new sense of the responsibility on the part of parents, teachers and children, in relation to this matter of infinite moment. P.

We have been obliged to omit several articles to make room for the reply of the Christian Watchman, than which we think nothing we had prepared would prove more interesting to our readers.

'THE "CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN," *vs.* UNITARIANS.'

To the above caption, Mr Editor, we beg leave to object, and from your known liberality, presume to offer the reasons, believing you will appreciate the motives which have dictated this course. A reply in the Watchman to remarks in the Register, does not meet the case, but can only tend to embitter against each other, the denominations of which our journals are supposed to be the organs respectively. It should be our aim to 'seek for those things which make for peace,' and not to fan the coals of contention. Were any of the questions quoted from the Watchman by your correspondent of last week, grievous to him, or calculated to injure Unitarians, the matter should have been calmly corrected through the columns of the same journal. But as your correspondent has mistaken our motives, misquoted our language, and perverted our meaning, in such a manner as to leave on the minds of your readers the false impression that our object was misrepresentation, rather than a serious and affectionate appeal, we must ask a greater indulgence of you than in other circumstances we could expect.

Your correspondent needs to be admonished that it is sometimes easier to bandy words, than to resist the force of unpleasant truth, or exercise forbearance. When he was so strongly tempted to the sin of anger, that he 'had like to have burst out into a fit of indignation,' we have reason to fear that before he 'got cooled down again,' he forgot the duty of repentance, so that he fell into the same besetting sin when he penned his communication. Is he unable to see the difference between a malicious attack, and a serious appeal? What is 'liberality towards Unitarians?' An utter disregard of what we believe to be their errors and dangers? Does it preclude friendly admonition? Is a mention of their faults an attack on their characters? Or do they claim to be entirely faultless? If they have faults, may not a mention of them be consistent with liberality? 'Am I become your enemy because I tell you the truth?'

The writer says, 'no longer than two or three weeks ago, the Editor of that paper, [the Watchman,] in noticing Dr Channing's Discourse on the death of Dr Follen, took occasion to remark that it was altogether destitute 'of *pious and profitable thought*.' And after having thus warned his Baptist brethren against reading it, with a strange inconsistency, he gives an extract from it, for the express spiritual benefit of his readers—an extract from a sermon which the moment before he had said was entirely destitute of pious and profitable thought.' How does he know that we gave the extract 'for the express spiritual benefit of our readers?' We *expressed* no such thing. But we did express a very different thing. We will not retort the sneering question, whether he possesses 'Omniscience,' and can discern our meaning beyond our expressions, but admonish him to be a little more careful in his language. If he will re-examine our article, he will find it headed, '*Character of Dr Follen*,' and we judged our readers might be pleased to see this drawn by one who claimed to be an intimate friend, particularly one who was capable of doing it so beautifully as Dr Channing, although it might not be for their 'express spiritual benefit.' Our words were, 'the discourse is distinguished by great beauty and chasteness of language, and barrenness of pious or profitable thought; not '*altogether*,' nor '*entirely*,' as this writer repeats.

Now it so occurs that Dr Channing is a Unitarian. We pretend no ignorance of that fact. Yet we beg leave to say that in our criticisms, we do not ask what are the tenets of the writer but what is the merit of his production. If such facts are proof that in 'liberality towards Unitarians,' our 'tone is changing fast,' our Baptist friends have more reason to make this complaint, for if this writer will take the trouble to ascertain the fact, he will find severer criticisms in our columns upon the productions of Baptist pens, and more in number, than on those of Unitarians. If he has read the Watchman with so much 'pleasure,' he may recollect our having spoken of some of the productions of the same gifted pen with praise. He may also recollect, (and this by the way may help him to settle the question whether we read the books we criticise,) that we once quoted a brief paragraph from a beautiful, and mostly commendable production of Dr C., for the purpose of censuring his lax views of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and that our animadversions put an infidel paper on the track, which so cordially defended those views, that we forbore to disturb the satisfaction arising from such approval. The sneer that we said there was no *piety* in the sermon because 'it did not go over the whole ground of Orthodox Divinity,' as every '*Evangelical Sermon*' should, we pass by in silent sorrow.

But we hasten to a more serious matter. The writer speaks of 'charges' of ours, 'most of which,' he says, 'have no foundation in fact.' It is one thing to assert this, and another to make it appear. Is it true, or is it false, that 'revivals diminish rather than increase the numbers' in Unitarian societies? We assumed that they do; but we were not conscious of bringing a 'charge' against Unitarians, any more than they are when they assume that our views of 'Baptism,' or 'Election,' or the 'Atonement' are not true. But what is the fact? Do Unitarian ministers never preach against revivals? Do they never warn their people against them? Do they never get up any other affair, as a counteraction? Never oppose by imitation, as they fight fire in the west by increasing the fire, or in their language, by a 'back fire?'

But your correspondent particularly repudiates the thought that they 'deprecate' that revival influence, 'which permanently transforms men, and makes them honest, temperate, spiritual, humble, and holy.' Here again he misunderstands us. We never supposed that Unitarians dislike to have men of this description among their numbers, but we have yet to learn that such individuals are most acceptable among them. But it is one thing to love a result, and another to love the means by which that result is produced. Every sick man loves health, but it is not every sick man who is willing to take nauseous medicine. If the preaching of those despised doctrines, 'Election, the Atonement, Total Depravity, Everlasting Damnation,' &c., is necessary to make men 'honest, temperate, spiritual, humble, and holy,' then Unitarians oppose the influence by which these blessed effects are produced, and the only question at issue is, whether this be true.

And here your correspondent is so deeply impressed with our ignorance, that he is sure we 'could never have been inside of a Unitarian church, or read a volume of Unitarian sermons.' We meekly receive the charge—our ignorance on this and other subjects is cause of humiliation and sorrow. But we once happened inside of a Unitarian church, and heard a fine sermon from a scholar, and an orator, distinguished among the Unitarian clergy, who occupies the pulpit of one of the most fashionable congregations in the Union, and who is regarded as an accredited organ of their views. In that sermon, the 'mysteries' of *Evangelical doctrine* were cordially approved, and commended into non-existence, in the most beautiful, attractive, and imperceptible manner imaginable. We also happened to meet with a volume of sermons by the same distinguished divine, beautifully written, preached to men of business, in one of which the moral principles of trade were defined so lax and low, that the men of business to whom they were preached were surprised, and the preacher saw fit to explain in his next sermon. The question arose to us were the hearers of Jesus ever so affected when they 'were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power,' or when on this very subject of wealth, the disciples cried out, 'Who then can be saved?'

The spirit evinced in the remaining remarks, we are pained to witness. Does he suppose your readers will believe we intended to insinuate, that the theatre is a 'sectarian establishment for the benefit of Unitarians?' Or that Unitarians are its sole supporters, or that they never resort 'to the Lyceums, and Lecture Rooms for entertainment of a more solid, and purer kind?' Or that we suppose there are none who attend Orthodox meetings, who go to the theatre? Shall we ask him to tell, or does he prefer that we should do it; among which of the so called religious sects are to be found the greatest proportion of 'patrons of the theatre?' Who owns the capital stock? Who sign the appeals for 'benefits?' Where do the most active supporters of the theatre usually attend church in the forenoon? But he soon takes the other ground, palliates, and asks if some do go to the theatre 'for entertainment of a lighter and more exhilarating kind,' if this 'proves them monsters of deformity, lost to all sense of religion?' 'Is it the unpardonable sin, pray? Is not every man in such matters, the keeper of his own conscience, or is he to place himself in bondage to a stern and bigoted priesthood?' Here is a precious specimen of jesuitism indeed. First, an attempt to deny the 'charge,' as he calls it, and then to palliate or excuse it. An excellent manner truly to perform our Christian duty and discharge our solemn responsibilities, when we see men in the high road to eternal ruin, and 'suppose they have a conscience and judgment as well as we, and we forbear!'

If we have injured Unitarians by supposing that 'their assemblies are found full of the adherents of rum-selling,' we are heartily sorry; and when convinced of our error, and wrong, will certainly retract. We certainly had no intention to do so. But when the world is viewing the spectacle of a professed preacher of the Gospel, a distinguished scholar, poet, orator, and gentleman—a decided, and open advocate of temperance in the modern sense, who having tried the effect of his religious doctrine upon an intelligent congregation more than twenty years, still finds it composed of a majority of 'the advocates of rum-selling,' may not an Editor suggest the propriety of inquiring the cause? 'Is the difficulty in the preacher, or the doctrine, or in both?' Apply our Lord's rule for proving professed religious teachers: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' It may be after all that the preaching of 'Election, the Atonement, Total Depravity, Everlasting Damnation,' is producing better fruits, and if so, would it not be well to preach them occasionally, if not in every '*Evangelical Sermon*?' This we respectfully beg leave to say, was our inquiry, and not a desire to 'industriously circulate' calumnies, 'through the leading organ of one of the largest, and most respectable Christian denominations.'

We could say more, Mr Editor, did time and your limits permit. It is our desire 'as far as in us lies to live peaceably with all men.' If we have 'borne false witness against our neighbor,' we will retract without retort upon 'Baptists,' as sometimes 'guilty of gross immoralities.' We are not yet prepared to believe that Unitarians will approve the spirit of your correspondent, whose remarks we have examined. We aimed to do good, and our success must depend on the spirit in which our efforts are received. We should rejoice in this respect to be able to adopt the words of an Apostle. 'For though I made you sorry with a letter, I do not repent, though I did repent: for I perceive that the same epistle hath made you sorry, though it were but for a season. Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry; but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.'

God grant that this may be the happy result. We shall esteem the insertion of this communication a great favor to us, and it is our earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing to your readers, and to the denomination whose respected organ the Register has so long been acknowledged.

Yours with esteem,
THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN.

We have been kindly permitted by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, to make the following extract from a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, dated,

Hitenhenge, September 2d, 1838.

* * * Of the state of religion in this colony I cannot speak so favorably as I would wish. The Dutch are constitutionally lukewarm in all things; they attend church, and sometimes read the Bible: before confirmation, (which usually takes place about the age of 14,) they are obliged to learn the catechism, which they speedily forget; they admire their church because it is economical; and the only religious zeal they display is in a pious hatred of popery. Among their ministers, however, are many natives of Scotland, men of learning and piety.

Episcopacy flourishes where the English are most numerous; its ministers are well paid, and are generally respectable men. There is a Scotch Kirk in Cape Town, with a small congregation; the minister is a man of talent and genius, but unhappily, these qualities are obscured by a deep tinge of bigotry; heresy and heretics he beholds in abhorrence; and considers no virtue so estimable as assent to the confession of faith, no vice so abominable as dissent from the Assembly's Catechism. The Moravians, under their intelligent and estimable bishop (Halbeck,) are quietly doing good, and improving the *moral* condition of the native tribes; while their *political* rights have been ably and successfully advocated by Dr. Philip the head of the London Mission. To this extraordinary man, and to his highly gifted son-in law, Fairbairn, the Hottentots owe their emancipation from a worse than Egyptian bondage: heedless of obloquy, calumny and persecution, they persevered in their object, and, thank God, they have lived to see their cause triumphant. I regret to say that the Wesleyans lent no assistance in this glorious work; always fearful of giving offence to the powers that be, they keep aloof from the struggle of freedom, or rally around the banner of its enemies. You will not be surprised to hear that hitherto we have failed in establishing a church in this colony: but it contains many Unitarians, who only require the zeal of an individual to unite them into a congregation. In 1834, I made the attempt in Cape Town, and a number of respectable persons assembled every Sunday for public worship. I removed soon afterwards to this town, leaving the duties in the hands of a gentleman much better qualified for the office than myself; but it pleased God to take him away by death, and the society was broken up, when its prospects seemed the fairest. For the attention of the public had been called to this subject by a controversy which was carried on in the newspapers about two years before, originating in an attack upon the characters of Clarke, Whitby and Taylor. Each party, of course, claimed the victory; to whom it really belonged, may be inferred from the fact that, on its termination, the Scotch minister, who had hitherto remained silent, stepped forward in his own name, and, through the medium of an obscure magazine of which he was the editor, scolded his orthodox brethren for writing anonymously, and after flinging many scurrilous epithets at Unitarians in general, and myself in particular, declared he would admit no defence or reply into his pages; his magazine lingered but a month or two after this, for even his own party blushed at his want of Christian temper and charity.

UNITARIAN SOCIETIES AT THE WEST.

We learn through the General Secretary that the society at Syracuse is in a very flourishing condition. Prejudices, begotten of misapprehension and nurtured by ignorance, are fast removing. Mr Storer gives universal satisfaction. The present place of worship is much too small—hopes are entertained that a commodious house will ere long be erected.

The society at Chicago is rapidly increasing. An excellent spirit prevails, and a determination is rising to build a church.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

We attended the meeting of this Association on Sunday evening of this week, and were pleased to find so large a congregation. The interest felt in this most Christian enterprise does not appear to diminish, and its simplicity, importance and genuine benevolence give strong assurance that it will go on increasing. Its success so far is as ample and decided—if not more—as could reasonably have been expected. A process of improvement and elevation has evidently commenced among the lower portions of the community. We see no reason why it should not go on till all are purified and redeemed from wretchedness and degradation. This city ought carefully to cherish the Institution, till it sheds on her name a moral glory—infinitely superior to that achieved by arts or arms. May we not anticipate that hereafter the corrupt cities of the old world will send out their agents to investigate by what divine agencies it is, that vice and misery shall have been nearly banished from among us—how it is that a whole population is made and kept moral, intelligent and happy? The place in which the ministry to the poor was nurtured into vigor, confidence and success, will gain the most enviable distinction on the page of history and be embalmed in the gratitude and veneration of mankind. Let London boast of her wealth and Paris of her Louvre—when Boston shall be able to point to her numerous free Chapels filled with the virtuous and happy poor, she may justly feel a conscious superiority over them. The most astonishing fact in the annals of time would be a large collection of human beings free from poverty, vice and misery. It is what the wisdom of the world has not yet been able to *approach*. But we are confident that the wisdom and the power of God which are in Christ Jesus can accomplish it.

The Report of Mr Lothrop, the Secretary, was what all would expect, appropriate and beautiful. It was listened too with much interest and pleasure. It gave a very encouraging and satisfactory account of the present state of the Institution, and the labors of its ministers. Mr Waterston is unwearied in various efforts at Pitts Street, and meets with success. The Chapel at Suffolk Street, Mr Sargent's, has filled more rapidly than was anticipated. Most of the seats are taken, and probably in a short time will be fully occupied. We shall wait however till the Report is published before making any more particular statements, and will then gratify our readers with copious extracts.

ORATORY AND MUSIC.

Prof. Bronson has consented to give another gratuitous lecture on Saturday evening April 11th, which will be illustrated by biblical readings.

His lectures have been listened to with great interest, and there is no question that public Speakers may derive great benefit from his instructions.

NOTICE.

Subscribers for the Boston Phenix to whom the Christian Register is sent, and who do not wish to receive it as subscribers beyond the time for which they have paid, are respectfully requested, at the expiration of their time to signify it immediately to postmasters or to return a copy through the mail.

DOMESTIC.

Plymouth Harbor.—The importance of this harbor, long since attracted the notice and received the fostering care of the State.

Between the years 1806 and 1821, there had been expended upwards of $40,000 for the preservation of the beach, and from that time to 1838, inclusive, further sum of $21,766.

Col. Albert, in a late report on the subject says;

In estimating the commercial interests involved in the preservation of this harbor, he adds, it is necessary to consider Kingston (the adjoining town to Plymouth.) It lies upon the same bay, north of Plymouth. Taking the towns of Kingston and Plymouth together, we shall have the following number of vessels employed in the fisheries of whale, and mackerel, for the year ending the 1st of April, 1837: Number of vessels employed, 68; tonnage of the same 6,248; value of oil and fish caught $203,021. For the five years, preceding the 1st of April, 1837 the number of vessels built in both towns was 41; the tonnage of the same, 7,222; the value of the same, $386,700, Anchors and cordage manufactured in one year, prior to April 1, 1837, amounted in value to $197,225. If we add to this the value of articles manufactured of iron and steel, for the same time ($260,400) it exhibits a gross result of upward of $700,000 annually. These facts warrant the conclusion that the preservation of this harbor is an object of great importance in a commercial point of view alone, if in no other.

The Lexington.—A letter has been received in this city, from Mr Harden's agent at New York, stating that Mr Taylor, with his marine armor, has succeeded in finding the wreck of the Lexington after one day's search and that a piece of the boat has been raised. The piece was found at the depth of 114 feet, and was heavily loaded with iron; probably a piece near the engine.—*Boston Courier.*

Three buildings in the city of Albany, originally erected for theatrical purposes, are now places of Christian worship.

A company in this city has bought the steamer John W. Richmond, to run between Boston and Kennebec river the approaching season. The price given is $52, 000.

Loss of Brig Escambia.—The brig Escambia was lost on the 25 h ult. on her passage from Charleston, S. C. and New York. The mate, Wm. Balkley, was the only person out of 16 on board, who was saved. He was 3 days on a piece of the wreck, from which he was taken by Capt. Whidden, of the Schooner Marrietta Ryan. Mr. Wilber of Newport, R. I. and two other persons, names unknown were on board.

Acquittal of Wood.—James Wood, who shot his daughter, Mrs Peak, last autumn, has had his trial for murder, and been acquitted on, the ground of his not being of sound mind. The National Gazette says, that the testimony on this point was so ample that the counsel for the State 'submitted the case without argument, under a charge from the court.

The provisions of the act of Assembly in such cases requires that he be confined in a hospital as a lunatic. The insanity being considered constitutional, we are told that it will doubtless be considered expedient to make his confinement absolute and continual.'

Late cold at the South.—The Norfolk Beacon of the 27th say that on the 25th ult. snow fell in that place, that ice was found in the streets on the morning of the 26th and that there can hardly be any hope of the fruit crop.

FOREIGN.

Egypt.—The latest dates from Egypt are Jan. 27th. The Egyptian correspondent of the Lucca Journal speaking of Ibraham Pacha, says;

'Advices have been received at Alexandria,' says the Egyptian correspondent of the Lucca Journal, 'from Ibraham Pacha, up to January 27. He was at that time actively employed in the internal administration of the northern Syrian provinces. Achmet Pacha has sent word from Sinar that all is tranquil there; this is proved by the numerous caravans, richly ladened, which arrive from that district at Cairo. Letters from Moka, up to the 13th, say that this district was perfectly quiet at that period.'

Turkey and Greece.—The 'Said' of Marseilles publishes a letter from Constantinople of the 7th of Feb. giving favorable accounts of negotiations for a treaty of Commerce. The following is an extract.

'M. Zographos, the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been for some time in this capital negotiating a treaty of commerce with the Porte. The Turkish government, contrary to what has been said, feeling all the advantages of the Convention, has seized this opportunity of convincing its old enemy that it retains no animosity, but on the contrary is disposed to grant to Greece all the good-will and consideration it entertains towards other nations, has laid aside all difficulties and given reason to expect that the negotiation will arrive at a happy termination.'

New English Coinage.—In the London Times, of Dec. 31, we find an article on a propose l new Coinage. We give the following extracts.

The notion of introducing the decimal method of computation into this country, with a modification of coinage suitable to that method, has given rise to several plans as to the best mode of applying the decimal principle. One scheme proposes to take advantage of the circumstance that the old great penny of George III, still in circulation, weighs about five farthings, while the common penny weighs about four. The idea is to strike a silver coin equal to two shillings, or one tenth of a pound, which is to be called a florin; and a tenth part of this florin is to be represented by another new coin, under the name of the stiver. This stiver is to be proclaimed equal to ten farthings, five of which will be represented by the great, and four by the small penny. The coinage would then be thus arranged—

10 farthings	equal to	1 stiver.
10 stivers	"	1 florin.
10 florins	"	1 pound.

another scheme proposes the striking of a new copper coin to be called the decimo, to represent the tenth part of the present shilling, while the tenth part of the decimo is to be called the cent. Thus there would be—

10 cents	equal to	1 decimo,
10 decimos	—	1 shilling,
10 shillings	—	1 half pound,

the half-pound to be the highest denomination in the scale. The present silver Coinage might be retained, and the sixpence, shilling, half-crown, and crown be respectively worth 5, 10, 25, and 50 decimos. The difference between the two schemes is, in the first place, that the one effects decimal division by doubling the shilling, and the other by placing the half-pound as the highest denomination, thus saving the necessity of a new coinage. On the other hand, while the second scheme proposes to strike decimos, the first finds a decimo already existing in the great penny, while the farthings exactly represent the hundreth part of the florin.

Spain.—Advices from Spain, are to Feb. 20th. In the Chamber of Deputies there was considerable agitation on the 19th and a dispute arose on the choice of a Committee on the Address, which resulted the withdrawal of the opposition members, from the sittings. They resumed their seats however, on the 20th.

Silk Culture in France.—The cultivation of silk was introduced into France by Henry IV. In 1835 the value of the silk manufactured in France amounted to one hundred and forty millions of Francs. Of this, fifty millions, or more than one third of the whole is sold to the United States.

The business has become very important to France. The manufactories, are now so extensive that the country does not furnish a supply of the raw material. We learn that about 12,000,000 francs worth of raw silk is annually imported from Italy, Turkey, India, and China.

From Canton.—Canton dates to Dec. 3d have been received. The state of things between the Chinese and English grows worse and worse.

An imperial decree had been issued declaring that, if all the Foreigners did not sign the bond required by the 6th December, they and their shipping shall be driven away forever.

The Asiatic Journal condemns in no measured terms, the conduct of the English in China in endeavoring to force their opium upon the country, against all law and humanity.

NOTICE.

The Norfolk County Bible Society will hold its Annual Meeting on Wednesday, April 22d at 2 P. M., in the second Church in Dorchester. The members and friends of the society are invited to attend.

E. BURGESS, *Secretary.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday morning, April 5th, in Chardon street Chapel, by Eld. J. V. Himes, Mr Charles W. Batchelder, to Miss Sarah J. Page

In this city, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Adams, Mr William Lincoln, of the firm of Fairfield and Lincoln, to Miss Mary M. daughter of Mr David Francis.

In Cambridgeport, April 5, Mr. Charles C. Mead, of Boston, to Miss Olive Hobart, of Cambridge, late of Hingham.

At Ashby, Mr M. Whitney to Miss Emma A. Willard, daughter of A. T. Willard Esq.

At the Legation of the United States, at Constantinople, Jan. 30, Mr John P. Brown, Dragoman, (or interpreter) of the United States Legation, to Miss Mary Ann Porter, neice of Com. Porter.

DEATHS.

In Dorchester, Lucy Abby infant daughter of George and Eliza B. Newhall.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs Harriet A., wife of John J. G. Pike, 25.

In Cambria, New York, March 16th Dr. Artemas Baker formerly of Templeton Mass. aged 56.

In Sodas, N. Y., Rev. Wm. Stone, 83, father of Col. Stone of the New York Commercial Advertiser.

In Newport, R. I., 28th ult. Christopher G. Champlin, in the 72d year of his age.

Mr Champlin was a graduate of Harvard University—After leaving College he spent several years in Europe, a greater part of the time at the College at St. Omars. On his return to this Country, he was elected in 1796, a Representative in Congress from this State; in 1800; he declined a re-election.—Retiring from public life, he engaged in commercial pursuits until 1809; when he was chosen a member of the U. S. Senate; he resigned in 1811;—and though untill the close of his life warmly interested in political affairs, he was never again a candidate for office.

As a Merchant, he was distinguished for his scrupulous exactness, and for his high-minded undeviating integrity. As a citizen, and as a man, he was public spirited, generous, and warm-hearted. The poor and distressed felt that in him they had a friend, and his generosity was only equalled by his delicacy. As a friend he was firm and true; in the nearer relations of life, kind, devoted and affectionate. His memory will long remain hallowed by the recollection of his many virtues.

ORATORY AND MUSIC.

PROFESSOR BRONSON,—who is connected with several Colleges as Teacher of Oratory, will deliver a Popular Course of lectures on oratory & music, in the Marlborough Chapel, on each Monday and Thursday evening, at half past 7 o'clock. In the course, he will explain and illustrate the principle of his system of Elocution and Music, in which a new mode of developing and training the voice and ear, for *Reading*, *Speaking* and *Singing* is exhibited, whereby a person is enabled to *Read*, *Speak*, *Sing* or *Blow on a Wind Instrument* for hours, without injury; also a new method of teaching children their *letters*, *spelling*, and *reading* without book, and then with book, whereby they may be taken from their *letters* and in six months become better readers than they do in six years by the common mode; the Causes and Remedies of *Stammering*; the Causes and Remedies of *Bronchitis*, &c. interspersed with 50 or 60 Recitations from the principal Poets and Orators of the age.

Tickets $2 each; admitting a lady and gentleman, $3—for a family of five or six. $5. Tickets for one evening, admitting a lady and gentleman, 50 cents; for two ladies and gentleman, 75 cents; for a family of five, $1—for sale at this office.

☞ Professor Bronson's engagements elsewhere will prevent his repeating his Lectures.

DENTIST.—GEORGE H. GAY, Surgeon Dentist, No. 252 Washington Street. m 28

CHEAP LETTER PAPER.—A good assortment of Letter paper at various prices, from $2 to $10 per Ream, for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118, Washington street. april 11

MRS FOLLEN'S POEMS.—Poems, by the author of Married Life, Well Spent Hour, &c. &c. Published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. april 11

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.—By Sir William Jardine, with numerous colored plates, and portraits of eminent Naturalists, (publishing in vols.)—12mo. One set complete as far as published, this day received and for sale by CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN. april 11.

INK STANDS AND PORTFOLIOS.—A fresh supply of Bronzed Inkstands and Portfollios of various patterns. Just received at the Tremont Stationary Room 21 Tremont Row, by S. G. Simpkins. april 11.

IN PRESS,—An essay on the influence and character of Washington, by M. Guizot: being his introduction to a Translation into French of Spark's Life of Washington, and a selection from his correspondence translated from the French, will be published in a week or ten days by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. ap 11

THE FRIGHT, by Ellen Pickering, a novel, in 2 vols. A fresh supply just received at TICKNOR'S.

CHEAP LETTER PAPER.—Ruled and unruled, for $2,50 a Ream. Billet papr for $1 the Ream. Received by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. april 11

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.—By Wm H. Furness, Pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. m 14

DEWEY ON UNITARIANISM.—Discourses and Discussions in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism. By Orville Dewey pastor of the church of the Messiah in New York. This book is designed to answer the question '*What is Unitarianism.*'
Published By JOSEPH DOWE. 22 Court st. m. 21.

RETZSCH'S OUTLINES to Buerger's Ballads—Lenora, the Song of the Brave Man, and the Parson's Daughter, of Tau-derhayn. Fifteen plates. Genuine original edition. This day received at TICKNOR'S.

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL REGISTER, 1840.—Register of all Officers and Agents, Civil, Military and naval, in the service of the United States, on the 30th Sept. 1839, with the names, force and condition of all ships and vessels belonging to the United States, and when and where built; together with the names and compensation of all printers in any way employed by Congress or any department or officer of Government—8vo. pp. 494.
Just received at TICKNOR'S.

THE WELL BRED BOY,—Or New School of Good Manners; Rollo's Correspondence; The Youth's Sketch Book; Visit to the Country; and many other books suitable for children, published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. april 11

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.—Archeologie Navale, par A. Jal, 2 vols 8vo; Voyage Metallingique en Angleterre, ou recuil de memoires sur le gisement l'exploitation et le traitement des minerais de fer, etain, plomb, cuivre, zinc, et sur la fabrication de Pacier dans la Grande—Bretange, 2 vols 8vo and Atlas 2 vols 4to; Historic de France, par M. Michelet, 3 vols 8vo; Historie de L'Empereur Napoleon, par L'Ardeche: Dessins par Horace Vernet, 1 vol royal 8vo. Upwards of 20,000 copies of this work have been sold in Paris within the last year. Gil Blas, illustrated by Gigoux—fresh supply; La Fontaine by Grandville, 2 vols; Vie correspondance et manuscrits du General Lafayette, publies par sa Famil'e, 6 vols &c. &c. This day received by
C. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN,
Importers of Foreign Books, 112, Washington st.
April 11.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received by the Ontario, from London—
Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences
Annual Register for 1838—vol 80
Letters of Horace Walpole, including numerous letters now first published from the original manuscripts—in 6 vols 8vo—vol 1 received—plates
Sir Thomas More's Life and Times—2d ed. vol 1, 1840
Bloomfield's Greek Testament, 3d ed. enlarged
Christison on Poisons, 3d ed. 8vo
Quain's Anatomy. 8vo illustrated edition
Ritter's Ancient Philosophy, 3 vols 8vo
Aldine editions of Gray, Spencer, Kirke White, Goldsmith, Collins and Thomson
Sartor Resartus, 12mo, author's edition
Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, by Southey—Part 1—Portraits
Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, royal 8vo
Tooke's Diversions of Purley, 8vo
Ruins of ancient Cities, 2 vols 12mo
Sydney Smith's works, 4 vols 8vo
Rhetoric, Poetry and Ethics of Aristotle, by T. Taylor
Creech's Lucretius, 2 vols 8vo
Taylor's Proclus, 2 vols 4to
Ruins of Volney, 8vo calf
De Philosophicæ Platonicæ Novæ Origine—paper
Unitarianism Defended—8vo
The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity—12mo
White on Heresy—8vo
Woman's Mission—12mo
Letters to Rev. T. Best—12mo
Heresy of Human Priesthood—
Sharpe's Early History of Egypt—4to
do. History of the Ptolemais—4to
do. Vocabulary of Hieroglyphics—4to
Christian Teacher, No. 7, 1840.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. ap 11.

NEW CARPET WAREHOUSE.
G. ALEXANDER BREWER,
of the late firm of Fowle & Brewer.
HAVING relinquished his old stand on Washington street, has taken Store No. 31 Tremont Row, opposite the Savings Bank, where he is now opening a complete assortment of Goods usually kept in Carpet stores in this city. Among which are Brussels Carpeting, of the latest style of patterns and colors; three ply Carpetings; Damask Venetians and superfine and fine Ingrain Carpetings; Stair Carpetings; plain and figured Bockings; Hearth Rugs; plaid and white Straw Mattings; elegant painted Floor Cloths, of various widths; English wool Mats; Coir and Manilla do; &c &c.—all of which will be sold at low prices.
Purchasers are invited to call and examine the above Stock. is1m m 14

FAMILY SCHOOL.—The Rev. D. Hopkins Emerson, Northborough, Mass, being compelled by impaired health to suspend his ministerial labor, proposes to open a select Family School for Misses, to commence on the 1st of May next. Those who may be entrusted to his care, will be received into his own family, where no effort will be spared to render it a pleasant home, and a place of social, intellectual, and moral improvement. Any or all of the English Branches of Education will be taught, together with the Greek, Latin, or French languages, if desired, and lessons may be given in Music and Drawing on very moderate terms.
Northboro' is a pleasant village on the Old Road from Boston to Worcester, 30 miles from Boston, and 4 1-2 from the Boston and Worcester Rail Road at Westborough. On account of its healthfulness and quiet, it has long been a favorite resort for Boarders from the city during the summer months. The House in which the School will be held, is commodious and *retired*, very pleasantly located, and surrounded by extensive playgrounds. Particular attention will be paid to *Exercise*, as well as to the cultivation of the mind and manners. The terms will be as follows: Board and Washing $2,50 per week: Tuition, in English Branches, Greek, and Latin, $8. per quarter of 12 weeks: French, Music, and Drawing, extra charge. Reference may be made to Messrs Benj. Howard and George J. Homer, and Rev. Thos. M. Clark, Boston; Rev. Dr. Emerson and Dr. A. L. Pierson of Salem; and Rev. Joseph Allen, Northboro.'

INDIA RUBBER WARE HOUSE.—JAMES DYER, No 82 Washington Street, Boston, (near the Post Office) manufactures and offers at wholesale and retail, improved India Rubber Goods, Sewed and Cemented, viz:—
Life Preservers—Life Boats and Swimming Belts, Submarine Dresses, Baptismal Pantaloons, Sportsmens' Long Boots, Surtouts and Pea Coats, Frock and Monkey Jackets, Long Leggings, Capes with Sleeves, Mittens, Navy Capes, Gun Cases, Game Bags, Ladies and Misses Aprons, Air Beds, Air Pillows, Air Cushions, Hydrostatic Beds, Water Bottles, Bathing Tubs, Boots and Shoes, Spanish Ponchas, Machine Banding, Gas Bags, Riding and Money Belts, Water Proof Hose Covers, Prepared India Rubber Cloth for Rheumatism, Brick-makers' Aprons, Travelling Bags, Pantaloon Straps, Carriage Cloth, Patent Leather and Cloth, Oiled Silk, Ginghams and Cottons, India Rubber Russia Riding Belt, much used for rheumatic complaints, pains in the side, chest, and breast.
☞ To the Public. These Goods have been used for the above purposes,—to a considerable extent—and the manufacturer feels a pride in saying, that, no instance of dissatisfaction has come to his knowledge, but on the contrary, Gentlemen have amply tested the quality of the goods, and find they give entire satisfaction.
India Rubber Gum or Scrap Rubber, bought and sold by the quantity. march 15

FASHIONABLE SHAWLS, RICH SILKS, &c. AT RETAIL.
E. F. NEWHALL, 141 Washington Street, has just returned from New York, with an elegant assortment of SPRING GOODS, consisting of French Cassimeres, Edinboro', Silk Plush, Fringed Damask and Velvet SHAWLS.
Rich Figured, Corded Reps, Double Chain and Heavy PLAIN SILKS, of the best styles, changeable and single, colors, blue blacks, and beautiful light shades.
PLAIN DRESS SATINS, blue blacks, jet, browns, ash, stone, drab, blue, pink, pearl and white.
MOUSSELLINE DE LAINES and CHALIES, new styles. Lace Veils. Black and colored Alepines and Bombazines of the best make.
Hand Span Family Linens, very cheap.
Linen Cambrics and Hdkfs; Linen Lawns; white and colored Table Cloths, Damask Naukins, and other articles at the lowest prices.
☞ The attention of purchasers is invited to this extensive Stock of desirable New Goods. march 28

FAMILY OIL STORE.
THE Subscribers would inform their friends and the Public, that they have added to their Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which they will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And they will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
jan 11 CLAPP & PERKINS.

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 18 1st f

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

A SISTER'S REQUEST.

'What shall I give her, brother?
Say, brother, do but say—
What shall I give my mother?
For this is her birth day.

My lap dog, white and curly,
I thought to give away,
When he came, this morning early,
And woke me up to play.

The rule says, "Treat another
As thou 'dst have him act to thee;'
Then I cannot give my mother
What she once gave to me!

My tuneful, glad canary
I *love enough* to give;
But then, would cousin Mary
Like that—do you believe?

And in my store of treasures
There is not one I see,
But to give would mar the pleasures
Of those, who gave them me.

Then tell me—tell me, brother,
What can I give away,
That is *good enough* for mother,
And worthy her birth day?

BROTHER.

Come, sister, to the bower,
And I will tell you there.
—See you that lovely flower,
The bee, which lingers there?

See you the roses blushing
In sunlight not their own?
Hark! hear the runnel gushing,
And the song-birds' happy tone!

These treasures all were *given*—
No human merit won;
From God, who reigns in heaven,
Came these and every one.

'T was he, who blessed thy brother
With a sister good and kind;
'T was he who gave us mother—
All things are his, you find.

And now, thou knowest surely
That none can give but He.
Pray to him, sister, truly,
He 'll give a gift to thee.

For He is good—all-knowing—
His judgments never err—
Then to thy closet going
Pray Him to bless mother. T. D.

Cambridge.

LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM P. PALMER.

'Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Before the sun, before the heavens, thou wert.'
Milton.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the blue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dies in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on her trustfull heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept,
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low;
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile the blest smile of a friend:
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright Hours chase the night from her bowers,
And lead the young Day to her arms:
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in my matinal sheen.
O if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

THE COMMUNINGS OF FAITH.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell—
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely: and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you, it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. *Wordsworth.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Christian Keepsake.)

THE EMIGRANTS.

A Thrilling Story of the Burning Prairie.

BY REV. JOHN A. CLARKE.

In sailing up and down the waters of our great western rivers in a steamer, one is almost forced to become more or less acquainted with all the passengers on board. At meals, and on a variety of other occasions, the passengers are brought into such direct contact, that however taciturn any one himself may be, he cannot well escape hearing numerous conversations, which will leave him in no doubt as to the calling, character, and peculiar views of the individuals around him. In general, also, after having been on board a steamer some week or ten days, however great may be his resources almost every individual is prompt to seek relief from *ennui* in an attempt to hold some sort of communion with his fellow passengers; and usually one finds some prominent and strongly marked characters around him, who seem to derive quite as much pleasure as they impart, from the efforts they make to amuse and interest their fellow-travellers.

We had been on board a steamer several days—having sailed from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, and then turned our course upwards to stem the current of the mighty 'Father of Rivers,' the vast Mississippi.—Our eyes had become almost wearied with tracing the endless sylvan beauties that clustered around the banks of the smooth-flowing Ohio; and the vast, unpenetrated, boundless forest scenes that spread away on either side of us from the abrupt muddy banks of the Mississippi. The ear had become wearied with the monotony of the sharp, rough sound of the high pressure engine, that was heard ceaselessly day and night. Books scarcely any longer could interest us. The character and conversation of most of those around us seemed exceedingly dull and common place. There was however one exception. This was found in a man of almost herculean stature, who, we soon learned, possessed great versatility and vigor of mind. His manners however, at first appeared so coarse and his conversation so blunt, that we thought there was something exceedingly repulsive connected with his character. But this impression soon wore away, and in a few days he became the centre of almost universal attraction. He was a true Kentuckian of the old school; he was born and brought up amid the stirring scenes connected with the early settlement of his native State, and was perfectly familiar with all the war legends, and every bloody fray from the first movement of Col. Boon to the final expulsion of the savage tribes from this their ancient hunting ground. To use his own language, he was 'born in an Indian fort, and through childhood fed upon bears meat, and clothed in buffalo skins.' His physical strength seemed enormous, and he bore evident marks of being one of those brave reckless characters that find pleasurable excitement in facing danger and death in every form. Yet he was not destitute of the softer and more kindly feelings of our nature, and withal seem to have a high and reverential regard for religion.

It was just at the close of a long summer's day, during the weary hours of which our steamer had been pushing her slow course up the broad Mississippi, that there suddenly opened upon us a vast far-extending prairie. It was the first that I had ever seen, and to me it was an object of thrilling interest, and the more so because for several days we had seen nothing upon either side of the river but unbroken and boundless forests, stretched away as far as the eye could reach to the horizon.—Here was a vast expanse, in which no tree, no stump, nor stone was visible. Nothing met the eye, but the tall grass, waving in the breeze, bending, rising, and rolling to and fro like the waves of the ocean after a tempest, and this grassy surface interspersed with wild flowers of every color, hue and form.

For a long time, I watched this beauteous scene till the shadow of the evening began to settle down upon it. While I continued still gazing upon the prairie, the old Kentuckian, who stood near, was making his observations, and at length he remarked: 'That prairie on fire would be a noble sight! I have seen them burning in a dark night, while the wind sprung upon the flames like a sea of fire. I can tell you a good story and a true one about a burning prairie and of a family who perished by the conflagration.'

We were urgent for him to proceed in the narrative. He began by giving an account of the family that perished in the conflagration, with whose history he seemed quite familiar. It was a beautiful and touching picture of real life that he drew in describing this family as they lived somewhere in the valley of Onion river, amid the sublime mountain scenery of Vermont. He represented Mr Norton, the father, as a hardy, sensible, and pious New-England farmer. The family consisted of four children; two of whom, James and Lydia, were grown up to adult age, while George the next son, was about nineteen years of age, and the youngest daughter was only eight. Mr Norton had long toiled to accumulate a little property, but the increase had been so slow, that in a fit of discouragement he sold his farm, and determined to emigrate to the Far West, where he learned he could purchase land at a low price, and procure the means of subsistence at little labor. He persuaded himself that by adopting this course he should be doing more justice to his children than by remaining in a country where property and even the means of subsistence for a family could be obtained only by years of persevering toil.—There was only one heart made sad by this determination, and that was the heart of his favorite and eldest daughter—Lydia Norton was a girl of excellent sense and some personal attractions. She had interested the affections of a young man who had grown up with her from childhood. His father owned an adjoining farm. The two families were quite intimate, and many happy hours had Charles Stevenson and Lydia passed together. This proposition of emigrating to the Far West seemed to the young people a death blow to all their long-cherished hopes as the circumstances of the young man did not warrant his forming a marriage connection at once. But true affection is ready to make any sacrifice to attain its object. As soon as it was a settled point that Mr Norton was to leave, Charles offered to accompany him in the capacity of a hired man, if he would accept his services.—Mr Norton assented, and every thing was arranged accordingly.

They were now on their way, moving in true western style. They expected to be weeks and months on their journey before they reached their distant home. The family and all the effects they bore with them were carried in two stout wagons, each one of which was drawn by three yoke of oxen. Mr Norton or his eldest son usually acted as the driver of one of these wagons, while Charles Stevenson took charge of the other. They had already been on their journey many weeks, and had penetrated so far into the western world as to find it necessary to pitch their tents each night, and seek a lodging place wherever the shades of evening overtook them. They at length entered the prairie country, and were for a while almost spell bound by the wild tracts of plain that stretched around them. To them the wonders of the boundless prairies, appeared more amazing because they had always been shut up by lofty mountain in a narrow dell, and had never till now looked abroad upon such amplitude and vastness of expanse.

They had now been traversing through a prairie country for several days. It was late in autumn though the weather continued bland as Summer. The day was bright and sunny, the wagons each drawn by three yoke of oxen, were moving slowly on through the vast extended region of long grass, now sere and dry, which stretched around them like a shoreless ocean, and gently bent and waved to and fro in the autumnal breeze. No house, nor stone, nor hillock, nor solitary tree were seen within the vast circle of the encompassing horizon. As the sun declined and the shadows began to lengthen, the tops of a small grove began to be visible in the distance. The emigrants immediately determined to seek a place of encampment for the night in the neighborhood of this grove, for they naturally concluded that would furnish water for their cattle and for their own use, and fuel for cooking their evening meal.—They had been successful this day in shooting a large quantity of prairie hens, and were anticipating a delicious repast.

Mr Norton proposed that James and himself should go on ahead of the wagons, and get every thing ready by the time they came up. They accordingly started off, having left Charles Stevenson to drive the forward wagon in which the family rode, and George to conduct the other. Mr Norton and James, however, had gone but a few yards before Lydia came bounding through the long, sere grass, with the fleetness of a deer, bearing a tea kettle in one hand, and three or four prairie hens in the other. Lydia, as we have before said, was full of sprightliness and vivacity, and she had too often clambered up the steep and rough sides of the Green mountains to think any thing of a walk of two or three miles across the prairie. Her object in accompanying her father and brother was to hasten the evening meal; and as her father made no objection, the group moved on with quickening step toward the distant woods. They had already proceeded full three miles when they came to a beautiful spring of cool, clear water. Here they all sat down, and with grateful hearts partook largely of nature's refreshing beverage. In the meantime Mr Norton drew his pipe from his pocket, and having filled it with the dried Indian weed, a supply of which he always carried with him, he soon ignited the same by means of his jack knife and a flint. They were now but a short distance from the woods, and having filled a tea kettle and a pail with water, they went forward and began to cut up some wood and prepare for kindling a fire.

And now the sun had set, and the evening shades were gathering fast around them.—Beneath the covert of a large tree a fire was burning brightly, over which was suspended the tea kettle and all things were ready for the arrival of the party on board the wagons.—Lydia ran out of the woods a little way into the prairie, to see if she could any where discover the advancing party. She saw them about a half a mile distant, moving slowly on, but she saw at hand, and near the spring, what greatly alarmed her—a smoke and flickering blaze. She ran back in great haste and said, 'Father, I fear in lighting your pipe, you have set the prairie on fire.'

Mr Norton started up as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and rushed forward to ascertain the truth of Lydia's remark, James and Lydia both following him. The moment they had emerged from the woods and got into the prairie, the awful certainty burst upon them in a moment! What a sight then met their view!—The prairie was indeed on fire. It was now quite dusky, and the little flickering blaze which Lydia had seen had already become a sea of fire! The wind drove the flames in the direction of their friends, whose escape seemed impossible.

The long dry grass which had waved so gracefully in the wind, now caught every where like tinder, and sent up a sheet of flame that widened and expanded every moment, and mounted up with increasing brightness and height, as though it would reach the very skies.

The feelings of this group were excited almost to agony in behalf of their friends. The thought at length struck them that if they could only succeed in getting them through the long line of flame, they might save them, as the conflagration was evidently moving off from the place where they stood; and as the column of flame extended more to the right than to the left, they embraced the determination to make an effort to reach their friends in that direction. Reckless of consequences, wild with despair, they instantly rushed forward and succeeded in getting in advance of the fire in one place. But they soon saw that the enemy was coming upon them with the speed and fury of a whirlwind. Mr Norton lifted up his voice and shouted aloud, bidding the teams to move in this direction, but no sound was returned save the awful cracking of the advancing flames. Darkness too, covered the whole vast prairie, save where this sweeping column of fire spread its desolating track. They could nowhere discover a single track of the wagons; and now they began to see the peril of their own situation. Already were they completely environed with the fire, and all retreat seemed cut off.—The only hope left them was to endeavor to rush through the flames, and get the wind-ward side of the conflagration.—Mr Norton and James made their way for a while successfully through this awful tempest of flame, the darling Lydia keeping close at their heels. At length a point was gained which seemed to open the prospect of escape; not a moment was to be lost, for already the fire raged around them like a furnace. Mr Norton, drawing in his breath, dashed through this awful flame, and reached a spot where the consuming element ceased to rage, it having already swept away every vestige of combustible matter; though scorched and smarting in every limb, he could not but feel grateful to God for his deliverance. He instantly turned to see what had become of his children. At that instant he saw one bright lurid sheet of fire, mounting up like a vast wave of the ocean, and completely overwhelming them. He rushed back to assist them, but the flames like a furnace seven times heated, rolled its intense fiery surge back upon him in such a manner that he was obliged to retreat.—At this moment he heard Lydia shriek—her dress was all on fire, and her brother was trying to bear her through the raging tempest. When it had in some slight degree abated, again the father rushed forward—but another gust of wind swept such a torrent of fire over the bodies of his children that it was impossible for him to reach the spot where they were. When the burning waves had passed by he strained his eyes, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of the objects of his affection. They were not visible.—At length as the fire marched on, he reached the spot where he had seen his children struggling with this awful element, and there he found them both lying on the ground, their clothes nearly burnt off, and their bodies half consumed by the devouring flame! His poor daughter was gasping in death, and his son so dreadfully burned that he could scarcely move a limb. The fire was still burning the roots of the grass around and beneath them. At a little distance, however, there was a spot where the consuming element had exhausted itself; to this place he endeavored to remove his children. Poor Lydia almost expired in his arms. And as he laid her down on this black and scathed spot of earth, she faintly said, 'Christ is my hope! Jesus can make this resting place 'soft as downy pillows are!' The father hastened to remove his son to the same spot. He there laid him with his face turned towards his sister. He soon saw that she was dead, and said to his father, 'This is a sad night for us; Lydia is gone, and I think I shall soon follow.'

'There is an hour,' replied the father, 'in which all we can do is to look to God. He has said, 'when thou passest through the fire I will be with thee.'

'Will you pray with me dear father?'

'I will,' said the agonized father, and kneeling on the blackened earth, while bending over one child already dead, and another almost ready to expire, he cried unto God for help and mercy. When he arose from his knees he perceived that James's breathing was more rapid and embarrassed than it had been before. A dreadful fever was burning through his veins.

'I shall soon be,' said the dying son, 'where the flames can no longer kindle upon me; and I shall be able to bathe in the cool refreshing stream that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb.'

'God grant,' said the father, 'that an entrance may be ministered unto thee abundantly into his everlasting kingdom.' 'Amen,' responded James, and died. The chill of death had suddenly come over him, and his spirit fled to the presence of his Maker and Judge.

The father sat for a long time on the ground gazing on his dead children. The curtain of darkness was drawn over the scene—but here and there dissipated by the dying and reviving embers, and flickering flame that still lingered on almost every spot over which the awful conflagration had swept. An unsteady, lurid light just sufficient to reveal the wide spread scene of desolation, was thus hung over the dark and blackened waste where the consuming element had a few hours before rode on in his resplendent car. At the distance of a few miles, and as far to the right and left as the eye could reach, rose one vast extended column of flame mounting up to heaven amid the darkness of midnight, and marching on with the speed and fierceness and fury of the whirlwind. It was an awful and sublime sight. Here the father sat by the side of his lifeless and unbreathing children, the stillness of solitude was around him; and there bursting up amid thick darkness, this tremendous conflagration, which seemed so bright and fierce, and awful, that one could hardly refrain from thinking it would burn up the world and melt the elements with fervent heat.

But I ought before this to have told the reader the account the Kentuckian gave of the fate of those who were connected with the advancing wagons. They had seen the smoke of the fire that was to cook their evening meal curling above the trees, and directed their course to that point as the spot where they should meet their friends. They were not at all aware of the coming of this awful conflagration, or the approach of danger, till they saw the whole prairie directly before them lit up with one extended sheet of flame. No one can depict the terror, the anguish of that moment! No one can depict the sublimity and grandeur of the scene that at that moment burst upon their view! But fear and distraction took complete possession of the whole company. The very cattle that drew the wagons seemed to sympathize with them, and to discover at once that their fate was sealed.

We have already remarked that the fire extended more rapidly in one lateral direction than the other. This Charles Stevenson observed, and immediately sought to take advantage of it, and if possible to get to the windward of the fire. But long before they reached the line of the flame, the fire had extended miles in this very direction. It was too late—there was no escape—the fire was every moment approaching them. Mrs Norton clasped her young daughter to her bosom and sat still in the wagon. The oxen, as the flames advanced, became perfectly unmanageable. They rushed forward with the fury of wild and maddened beasts into the thickest of the flames. The one team took one direction, and the other another, but both of them continued to move on through the hottest column of flame, till at length the cattle one after another fell down in the yoke, suffocated by the flame, and bellowing as though in the agonies of death. Long before the last ox had fallen, and the wagon had ceased to move, Mrs Norton, with her youngest child at her bosom had given up the ghost. The tow awning, which covered the wagon in which she rode, took fire almost as soon as they met the line of flame and instantly all the combustible materials in the vehicle were in flames. Escape seemed impossible, for already the oxen were moving with the speed of the wind through the thickest of the flames, and Mrs Norton clasped her child to her bosom, yielded to her fate, committing all to God. Poor George, not able to keep pace with the team he drove, as he saw the flame marching on, sought by running to escape from the face of the devouring element, but the attempt was in vain. The whirlwind of fire soon overtook him, and like a resistless sea, rolled its burning waves over him. When Charles Stevenson saw the team he drove, could no longer be controlled, and that in order to follow them he must encounter certain death, he left them to take their own course, and sought to rush through the line of the flame, which had now become so expanded, that long before he passed the fiery column, the flesh had almost burned off his bones, and he at length fell down upon the burning earth, unable to move a step further. The fire still moved on with awful unabated fury over the wide and far-extended prairie. No one that looked upon that awful sight could have failed to have exclaimed, 'What a time it will be for the ungodly when this whole world shall be on fire.'

When the morning came a most melancholy spectacle was presented to the view over that blackened plain. One solitary living human form alone, was seen slowly moving amid the scene of desolation—and that was Mr Norton. He found Charles Stevenson just in the last agonies of death, from whom, however, he learned the particulars above stated. This young man soon expired; and Mr Norton, alone, of all that emigrating train, was left to tell the sad story of THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—No. 10.—April 1840. Just published by BENJ. H. GREENE 124 Washington street, the Boston Quarterly Review, No. 10, for April 1840.

Contents.

Observations and hints on Education.
Truth not Dangerous.
Pure Reason—rights—duty—free will.
Chevalier's Letters.
The School Library.
The Whig Answer.
Literary Notices.

Subscriptions received as above—terms $3 per year.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS. *Edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett.* Contents of the April number, Intellectual Speculation; The Morning Star; Intuition of God, a Sermon by Rev. Caleb Stetson; The Christian Layman; Address to Teachers; Exposition of Matthew xii. 43—45; Mary Stuart; The Christian Miracles, &c. &c.; Notices of Books and Intelligence. Published monthly by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington st. april 4

THE CHURCH, THE PULPIT and the GOSPEL. A Discourse delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. Geo. E. Ellis, as pastor of the Harvard Church in Charlestown. By Alexander Young, with the Charge, Right Hand of Fellowship, and the Address to the People. Just published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. april 4 118 Washington st.

BOOKS FOR SCHOOLS and ACADEMIES.—Spelling—Emerson's National Spelling Book and Introduction to do.
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Arithmetic—Emerson's North American Arithmetic, parts 1, 2 and 3, and Key; Walsh's Mercantile; Parley's; and Grund's Exercises and Key.
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Teachers, School Committees, &c. are requested to give the above books an examination.
For sale at TICKNOR'S. m28
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DRAWING MATERIALS.—Bristol Boards, Drawing Papers, Sewell's and Rhoades and Sons' superior drawing pencils, Crayon Paper, Osborne's Water Colors, Also Gold Paper. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS at the Tremont Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street.
The History of England from the earliest period to the death of Elizabeth, by Sharon Turner Esq—12 vols
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Hood's Up the Rhine—illustrated
The Shakspearian Dictionary; a General Index to the popular passages in the works of Shakspeare, 1 vol
&c &c &c &c a4

THE NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE, for April, 1840. This day published by OTIS CLAPP, 121, Washington st. *Contents.* The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem concerning Charity. Advertisement to the London Edition. 1. That the first part of charity consists in looking to the Lord, and shunning evils because they are sins, which is effected by repentance. 2. That the second part of charity consists in doing goods, because they are uses. 3. That in the spiritual idea of good and truth are the neighbor to be loved. 4. That an individual man, a society, a country, and the human race, are the objects of charity, and that all are the neighbor, both in a confined and extended sense. 5. That every one loves the neighbor from the good of charity in himself, consequently, that the kind of charity a man has, is determined by the kind of charity he is. 6. That a man is born to become a charity, and cannot become a charity, unless he perpetually does the good of charity from affection and its delight. 7. That every one who looks to the Lord, and shuns evils as sins, if he does the work of his office or employment sincerely, justly and faithfully, becomes a form of charity. 8. That the signs of charity consist of all the things which belong to worship. 9. That the benefactions of charity consist of all the goods which the man who is a charity does of his own accord beyond the sphere of his calling. 10. That the debts of charity comprise all those things, besides the above-mentioned, which a man ought to do. 11. That there are divisions of charity, consisting of the various delights and pleasures of the bodily senses, which are of use for the recreation of the spirits. Intelligence from France, Sweden, and England. april 4

JERUSALEM AND MOUNT SINAI.—Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Mount Sinai: by Baron Geramb, Monk of the order of La Trappe, a new and interesting work, just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. april 4

PEABODY'S SERMON, 2d Edition.—A Sermon preached at Portsmouth N. H., Feb. 23d, 1840, by Andrew P. Peabody. This day received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. april 4.

NEW BOOK OF POEMS.—Pebbles from Castalia, by Isaac Fitzgerald Seheard. This day received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School streets. april 4

PRACTICAL TREATISE on the Cultivation of the Grape Vine on open walls:—By Clement Hoare, 2d Edition. Just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S,

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.
No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.
No. 133. The Future Life, by William E. Channing.
No. 134. Repentance the Ground of Forgiveness, by Rev. Joseph Hutton, L. L. D, of London.
No. 135. The worship of the Father, a service of Gratitude and Joy. By W. E. Channing.
No. 136. Reason and Revelation. By Rev. A. A. Livermore.
No. 137. Fidelity in Duty, not accuracy in Belief, our test of the Christian Character. By Andrew P. Peabody.
No. 138. The Unitarian Reform. By Rev. J. F. Clarke.
No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.
No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B. Hall.
No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.
No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.
No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.
No. 144. Mystery, Reason and Faith by E. Peabody.
No. 145. Who was Jesus Christ, by George F. Simmons.
No. 146. Jesus Christ the Chief Corner Stone, by George R. Noyes.
No. 147. How to Spend a day by H. Ware Jr.
No. 148. Life and Character of Aaron Bancroft, D. D. by Alonzo Hill.
The Tracts of the American Unitarian Association bound in twelve vols. can be had of the Publishers, JAMES MUNROE &. CO. 134 Washington street, at the low price 75 cents per vol.

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Boston, Feb. 22, 1840. 1y

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A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.
A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.
D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug, 10th, 1838. n24

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'This book is one of great importance, and ought to be in the hands of every female in our country. It is almost the only book we have seen on the subject of female influence and female education, which does not inculcate principles that are preposterous and enforce practices that are absurd.'
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PRICE'S DISSERTATIONS.—Four Dissertations, 1, On Providence, 2. On Prayer, 3. On the reasons for expecting that virtuous men shall meet after death in a state of happiness, 4. On the importance of Christianity, the nature of historical evidence, and miracles, by Richard Price D. D. 5th London ed., a few copies for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street.

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